VIBE

WHO'S AFRAID OF ICE CUBE

THE VIBE Q BY JOAN MORGAN



BLACK POWER DRESSING:
CYNDA WILLIAMS AS ANGELA DAVIS

ROBIN QUIVERS: KEEPING AMERICA
SAFE FROM HOWARD STERN

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GRAVE

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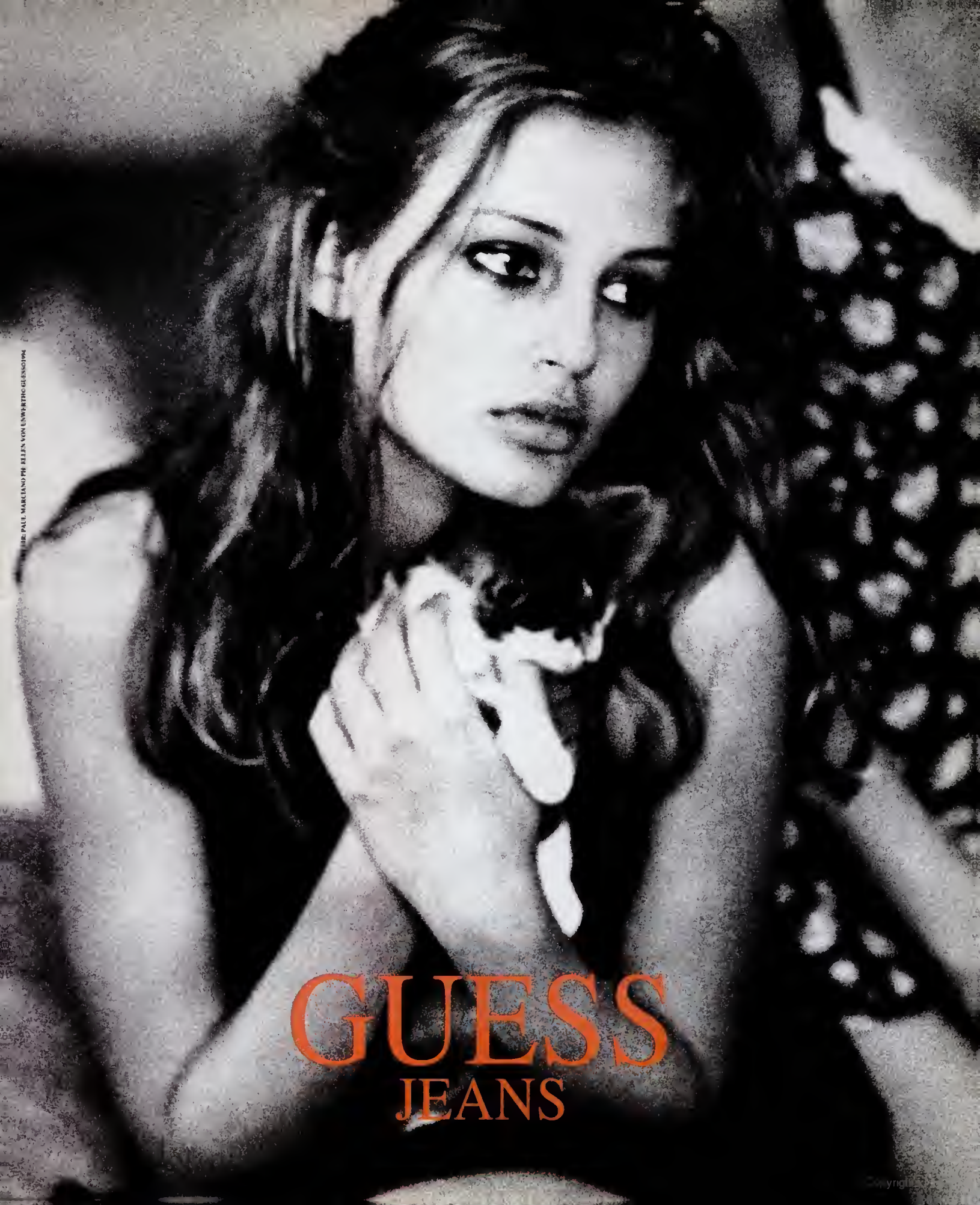
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Left: Tevin Campbell photographed by Peggy Sirota. Styling by Jonathan Skow. Hair by Katherina Ehrhardt. Grooming by Kim Carillo/Celestine. Clothing and shoes courtesy of American Rag C.I.E.



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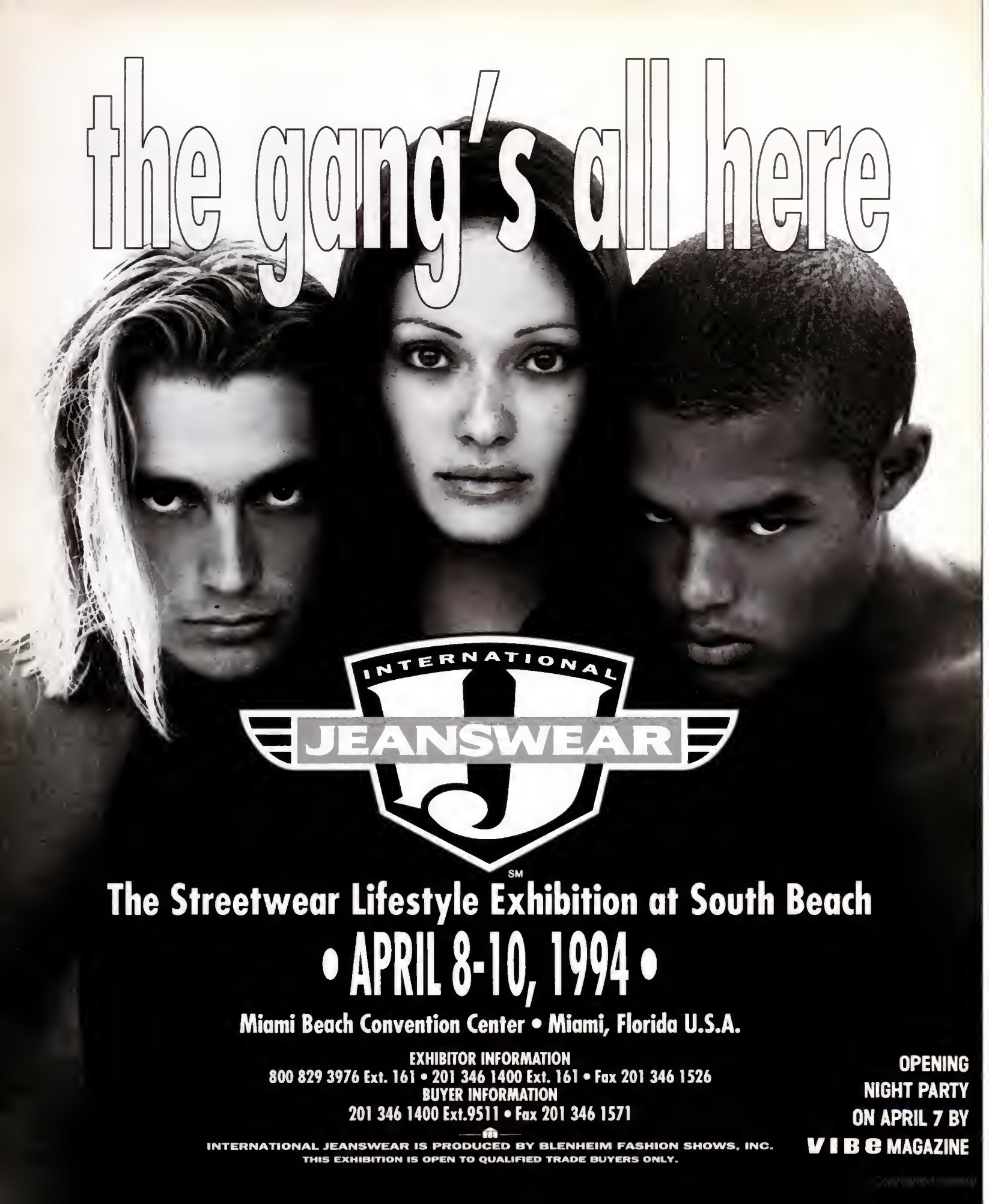
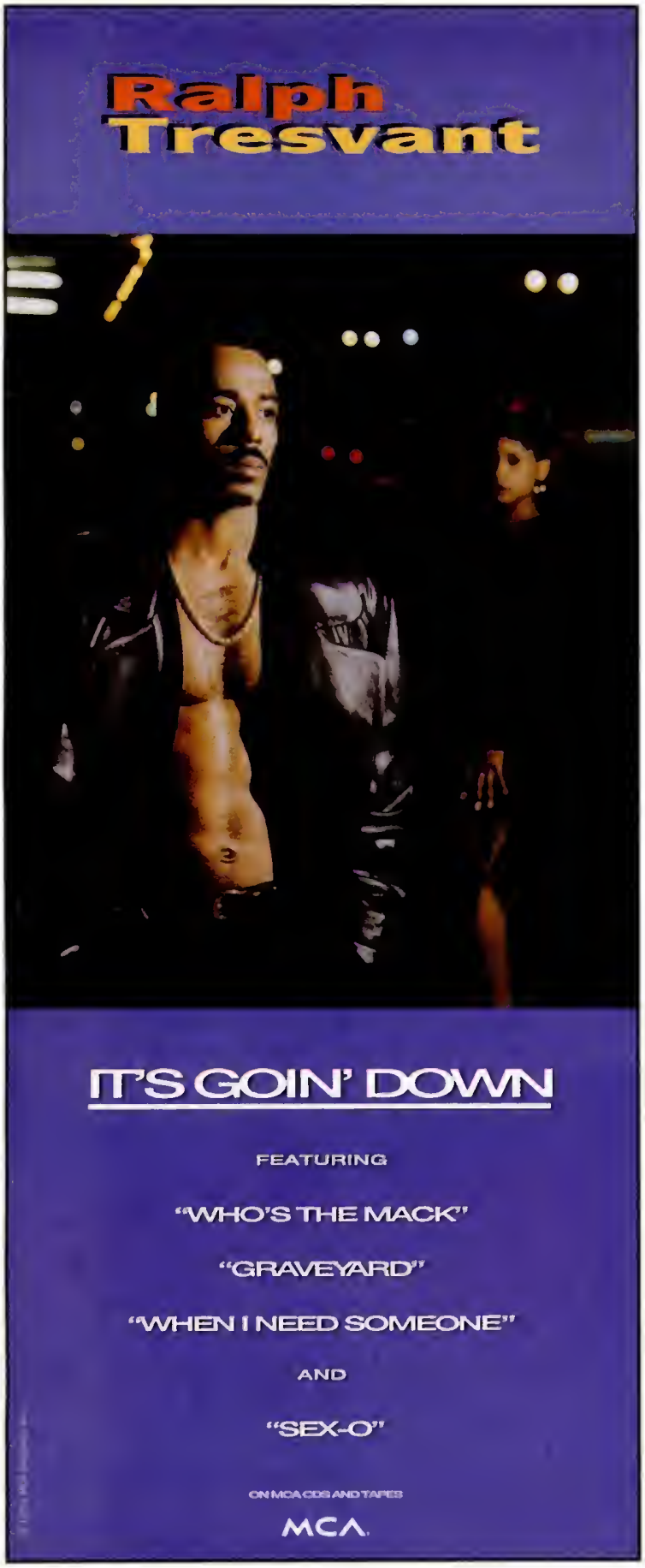

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Patty Wilson
When VIBE Stylist-at-Large Patty Wilson prepares for a photo shoot, she likes to choose clothes and accessories that make more than a seasonal fashion statement. She describes this issue's "Free Angela" (page 52) as "docufashion" because it uses modern clothing to mimic Angela Davis's look from the '70s. Of the music feature "Diva" (page 72)—starring Lisa Lisa, Ultra Naté, Lisette Melendez, and RuPaul, among many others—Wilson says: "I usually work with models. This was challenging because I was dealing with real bodies and real personalities." The highly respected stylist has contributed to *Mademoiselle*, *Interview*, German *Vogue*, and *Vogue Hommes International*, and has styled videos for Prince, Mariah Carey, Whitney Houston, and Bruce Springsteen.

Charles Aaron
Thirty-one-year-old "Videodrome" columnist (page 102) and music writer Charles Aaron says he's been addicted to videos for a long time. "If you watch them, you tend to talk about them a lot," he says, "so it makes sense to take them as seriously as the music itself." In this month's installment, "Welcome to the Jungle," Aaron explores the use of animal imagery in several videos. "Images of black pop artists so often reduce them to a cartoon. I wish they would think of videos as an art form rather than just a place to goof around." Aaron writes the Singles column in *Spin* and has contributed to *The Village Voice*, *Newsday*, and *Entertainment Weekly*.

Ellen Von Unwerth
It was easy for West German-born Ellen Von Unwerth, who photographed the music feature "Diva" (page 72), to energize the singers by playing each artist's record during the shoot. (It didn't hurt that she had filmed a video for one of the 10 divas, Nokko.) Von Unwerth also knows how to make her subjects feel comfortable in front of the camera: she modeled for 10 years before becoming a fashion photographer in 1986. Best known for her gritty and sensual Guess? jeans ads, Von Unwerth's photographs have been published in *The Face*, *Interview*, *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Rolling Stone*. She recently directed a film short, *Inferno*, which features some of the supermodels of the world.



Larry Flick
Bronx native Larry Flick says "Diva" (page 72) is a tribute to 10 dance music vocalists who are finally being recognized as artists rather than disembodied voices or one-hit wonders. "They get tons of play in clubs, but people don't buy their albums because they don't know who they are," he says. Flick is the dance music editor at *Billboard*, where he writes a weekly column called "Dance Tracks" and the Singles Review page. He recently put together a dance music conference in San Francisco called The *Billboard* Dance Music Summit, with proceeds benefiting several AIDS organizations.

Simon Reynolds
Freelance writer Simon Reynolds says "Gangsta Rave" (page 68), about London's underground techno scene, tries to capture a lost British generation grasping at their dreams and getting burned out in the process. "It's like a mystic music cult, filled with the sense of desperation and glory that comes from kids trying to cram all the intensity of their lives into each weekend." The London-born Reynolds, who now lives in New York, has contributed to *The New York Times*, *Spin*, *Melody Maker*, and *Details*. He has just written *The Sex Revolt: Gender Rebellion in Rock and Roll*, to be published later this year by Serpent's Tail press.

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MAIL

I'm an avid reader of your magazine, enjoying your articles immensely. But in "Quiet Storm," by Frank Owen [Dec. '93/Jan. '94], Andre Harrell is quoted as saying, "White critics always miss the art that's in the middle of the black community." That just shows the ignorance of the critics. That doesn't mean white people don't appreciate black R&B artists or their music—aside from the fact that there are white R&B artists, too. I am white, and definitely into hip hop, R&B, jazzamatazz, rap, etc. In fact, Babyface was right: rap introduced me to R&B. I began listening to the sounds of Public Enemy, Ice-T, Scarface, Dr. Dre, Tupac, and Ice Cube. I still do, but because of their sampling and use of R&B (e.g., Bobby Brown), I now listen to vintage New Edition, Boyz II Men, Jade, Shai, Toni Braxton, Tevin Campbell, and others. Wanting to make a career of my own vocal talents, I find myself trying to imitate K-Ci on Jodeci's rendition of "Lately." My point is: White people are down with the R&B culture, too. And sometimes we understand and even relate to the sounds of urban artists. Critics are critics, it's their job to be opinionated. But don't assume one race can't understand another race's music. Let me enjoy your articles as just a reader, not a "white reader." And to Andre Harrell and Frank Owen, let me be a listener, not a "white listener." AARON T. DRURY, CASPER, WY



It amazes me to read these puff pieces on Jodeci ["Guns and Roses," Tom Sinclair, Dec. '93/Jan. '94] that fail to address the real reasons behind—and the tragedy of—their success. The two lead singers, the Hailey Brothers, were not strangers to the fame game. They recorded at least three albums on a gospel label—under the name of Little Cedric and the Hailey Singers. Sorry guys, but I just don't buy the "young boys who now have a little money and don't know how to adjust to fame" nonsense. These are young men who play a game with clearly defined parameters and who have chosen how to conduct their lives: young men who, in fact, have been playing since they were boys. The untold scandal, if there is one, is how they glorify themselves and turn their backs on what made them so good in the first place—namely, the Creator—who, if they were really in touch, would remind them of espousing humility, respecting a power greater than theirs, and self-respect, not self-aggrandizement. Oh yeah, and let's see, Jodeci, two million? Boyz II Men, seven million? Yo, DeVante, who's "going through the motions"? Better reach for that bow tie, brother. DONALD CLEVELAND, BROOKLYN, NY

Please understand that I considered myself an average, up-on-it, street-conscious, ruffneck, don't-give-a-shit, strictly-for-the-ladies kind of big dog. Then recently, I picked up an issue of Vibe *and my day went from reality—"Hey, my man, what da hell-sup? Check that. Yo, later-for-dem hoes; let's..."—to Dana Owens-land and ("It's Not Easy Being Queen," Lucy Kaylin, Dec. '93/Jan. '94), where I saw the face of, and read the verbals communicated by, Ms. Owens. Then I imagined losing control; that in the presence of a woman like her, I'd become a virtual on-my-knees, baby-please, baby-baby here's some flowers and candy and anything you want, Dana, today, yes, this minute, sweetheart, kind of house-puppified mutt. Why, you ask? Because, Dana is both embodied beautifully and emotioned perfectly. And women like her are goddesses deserving of....Then I returned to reality, but slightly altered: "Who? Huh, hoes?!? Yo, dude, ain't no such thing." At least not among any sisters that I've seen.* SAUL BROWN, SALT LAKE CITY, UT

I would like to take this opportunity to commend Mimi Valdes's "Those T.I.R.E.D. Acronyms" [Dec. '93/Jan. '94]. For a while, I was hoping that a writer would address this issue and let people know that these acronyms are now flavorless. As a big fan of R&B and hip hop, I gave INTRO their props when they first came out. I even thought the name had a little flavor going on. After reading the "T.I.R.E.D." piece, I said to myself, "That shit is wack." Innovative New Talent Reaching Out sounds like something their grandmother named them for their first talent show. On the other hand, imagine someone's grandmother naming their grandson's group Yaggfu Front. You can't tell me that these @&%#%@ don't experiment with homemade drugs. A nice homely word to describe this group is "corny." Yaggfu Front sounds like some incurable shit found under your toenail. And you know what's funny? They're probably home right now saying to themselves, "That shit is phat. How did we ever come up with such a name?" My guess is a defective game of Scrabble. O.F.T.B. should be sued by Off-Track Betting (O.T.B.). I'll bet you that one of them has a gambling problem. "T.I.R.E.D." was short, sweet, energetic, and to the point. It gets a *10* in my book. NAME WITHHELD, NEW YORK CITY

If I wanted to read an article on all the reasons why I should hate Jodeci, I would have gone to the jealous liars who spread stories about them, not bought this magazine. I hope DeVante uses his gun on you, Tom Sinclair, for calling him "lanky". If he was so hard to pin down, why didn't you put the spotlight on K-Ci, JoJo, or Mr. Dalvin? ASHLEY WILLIAMS, ANNAPOLIS, MD

We were dismayed to find the theme of "Gypsies and thieves" used to promote fashions in your magazine ["Kid: Who Are You," Hilton Als, Dec. '93/Jan. '94]. While all ethnic groups heve their thieves, Gypsies included, Gypsies are not to be classified automatically with thieves, nor are the terms interchangeable. We are e nonwhite, ethnic minority of East Indian origin, numbering over one million in the country, heve been recognized as such by the U.S. Bureau of the Census, and are protected as an ethnic minority under Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Despite this, most Americens ere not femiller with who or whet we are, and remain Ignorent of the fects thet most Romani Americans came here after 1864, following the abolition of 550 years of slavery in the Balkans; end thet we lost an estimated 75 percent of our total number in the Holocaust, and are enduring a sherp increase in racially motivated violence in Europe today. In 1992, *The New York Times* published the results of a public opinion poll that was conducted over a 25-year period end which included 58 ethnic and racial groups. During this period, Gypsies were at the bottom of the list as the most prejudiced-against minority in America. Since most Americans are not aware that we ere here, these opinions must be based wholly upon media misrepresentation of our people. Magazines such as yours are the cause of this, and add to anti-Gypsy racism by reinforcing the notion that we are a race of thieves. SAM CONNICK, INTERNATIONAL ROMA FEDERATION, MANCHACA, TX

Editor's reply: "Kid: Who Are You?" did not equate Gypsies with thieves nor did it intend to degrede Gypsies. Gypses and Thieves is a clothing company whose clothes were featured in the story. If you take issue with their name, perhaps you should contact them.



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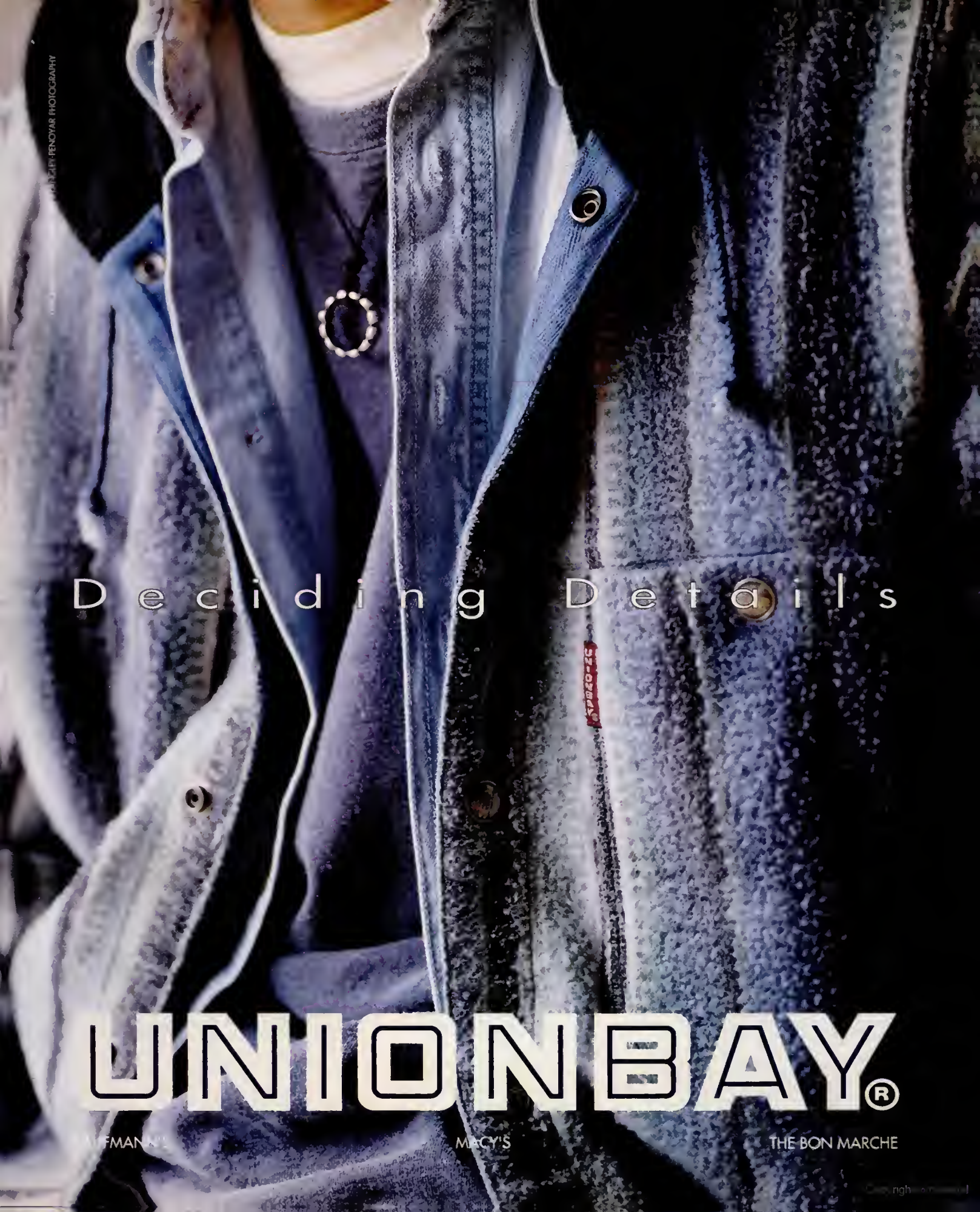


Re: Kevin Powell's article "Little Big Man" [Dec. '93/Jan. '94] about Eazy-E, Dr. Dre, and the World Class Wreckin' Cru: As an original member of the World Class Wreckin' Cru, a long-time friend of Dr. Dre, and cofounder of Kru-Cut Records, I have observed how the media has misrepresented the World Class Wreckin' Cru's image. Let me state emphatically that the World Class Wreckin' Cru was not, is not, and has never been a "lipstick-and-lace-clad" group as Powell and several other pseudojournalists have erroneously reported. Although it is true that we chose to wear the sequins and satin custom-made suits for our first album cover, we performed in jeans and T-shirts 95 percent of the time. Even though what we wore should not be an issue, I feel compelled to clarify the controversy regarding this "lipstick-and-lace" fallacy. Eazy-E was not in the picture during the early days of the Wreckin' Cru, and neither he nor Luke know the real truth. If Powell were wise, he would have drawn a parallel between the Wreckin' Cru of 1984 and 1985 and other rap groups at the time, like UTFO and Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five. If he were keen enough to recognize what our objective was at that time, he would have known that some of our biggest influences were groups like Parliament-Funkadelic, Roger Troutman and Zapp, the Time, and Prince. All of these artists were strong influences to our image then, and they all wore some form of sequins, satin, or even lace. Powell has tried to fish out a contradiction where there is none, and he has tried to feed on a controversy that deserves no merit. If Powell were a true journalist, he would have discovered that the image we tried to establish back then was that of World Class lovers who could throw down when it was time to perform or battle sucka MC rappers furiously. Dr. Dre is responsible for his own media image now, but I am sure that I speak for all four of the original members of the Wreckin' Cru (Lonzo, Yella, Dr. Dre, and myself) when I say that it is time to stop the image-bashing and journalistic sniping of the World Class Wreckin' Cru of '84 and '85. Instead of raising false contradictions, why not talk about how we influenced so many other rap artists like Ice Cube, Ice-T, The L.A. Dream Team, and others who are still successful today? Why not mention how we were the first rap group to do a successful slow record even before L.L. Cool J's "I Need Love"? Why not report how we helped develop the framework for what is considered today's West Coast movement in rap? I seriously hope that in the future the *Vibe* staff will be more conscientious and thorough when covering a story. I also extend the invitation to Powell or any other staff member to contact me to get the real truth about Dr. Dre, the World Class Wreckin' Cru, and West Coast rap.

MARQUETTE HAWKINS a.k.a. CLI-nTEL, LAWNDALE, CA

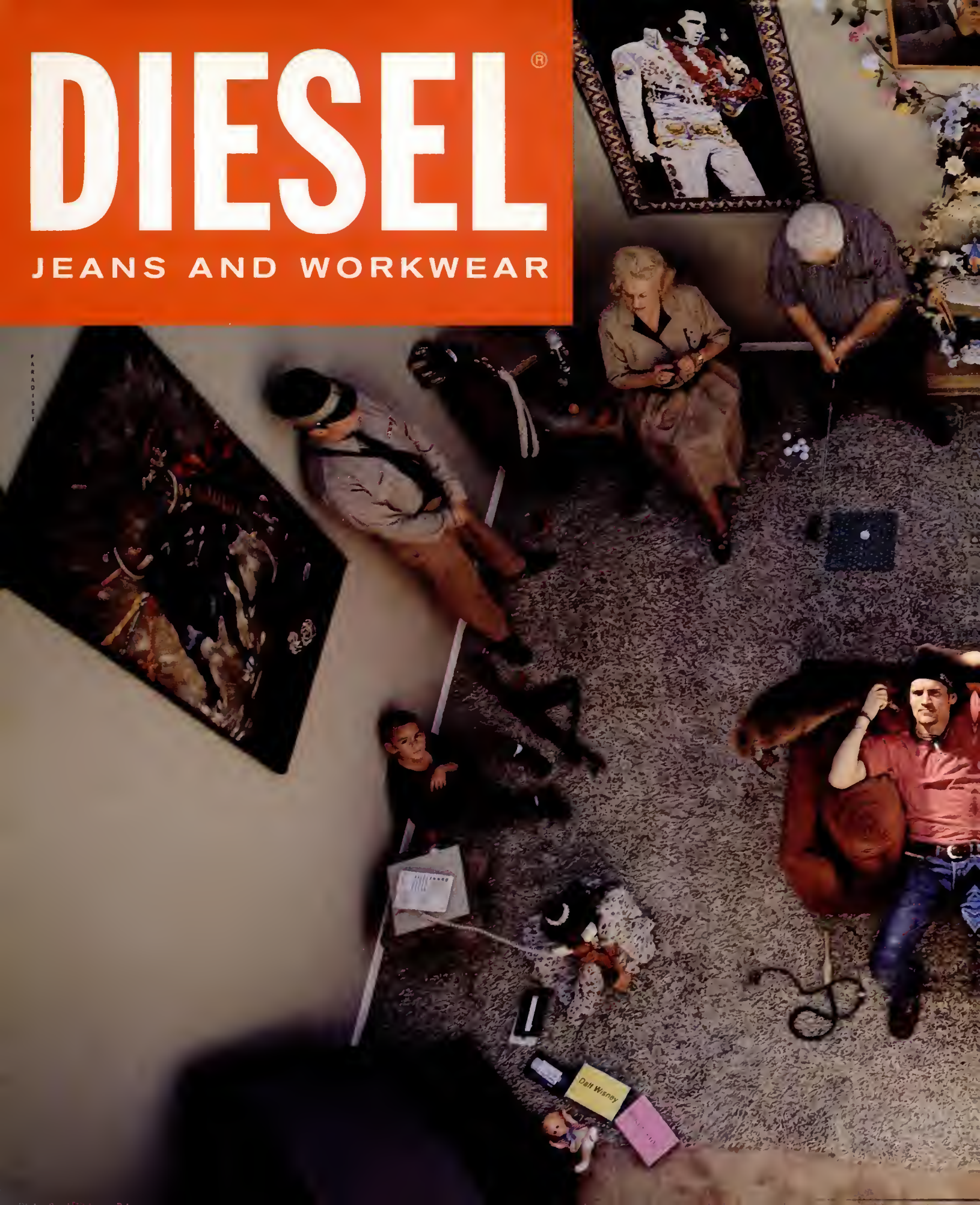
Carol Cooper's "Check Yo' Self At The Door" [Feb. '94] did not intend to imply that The Down Under was a transvestite bar.

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By Leslie Savan

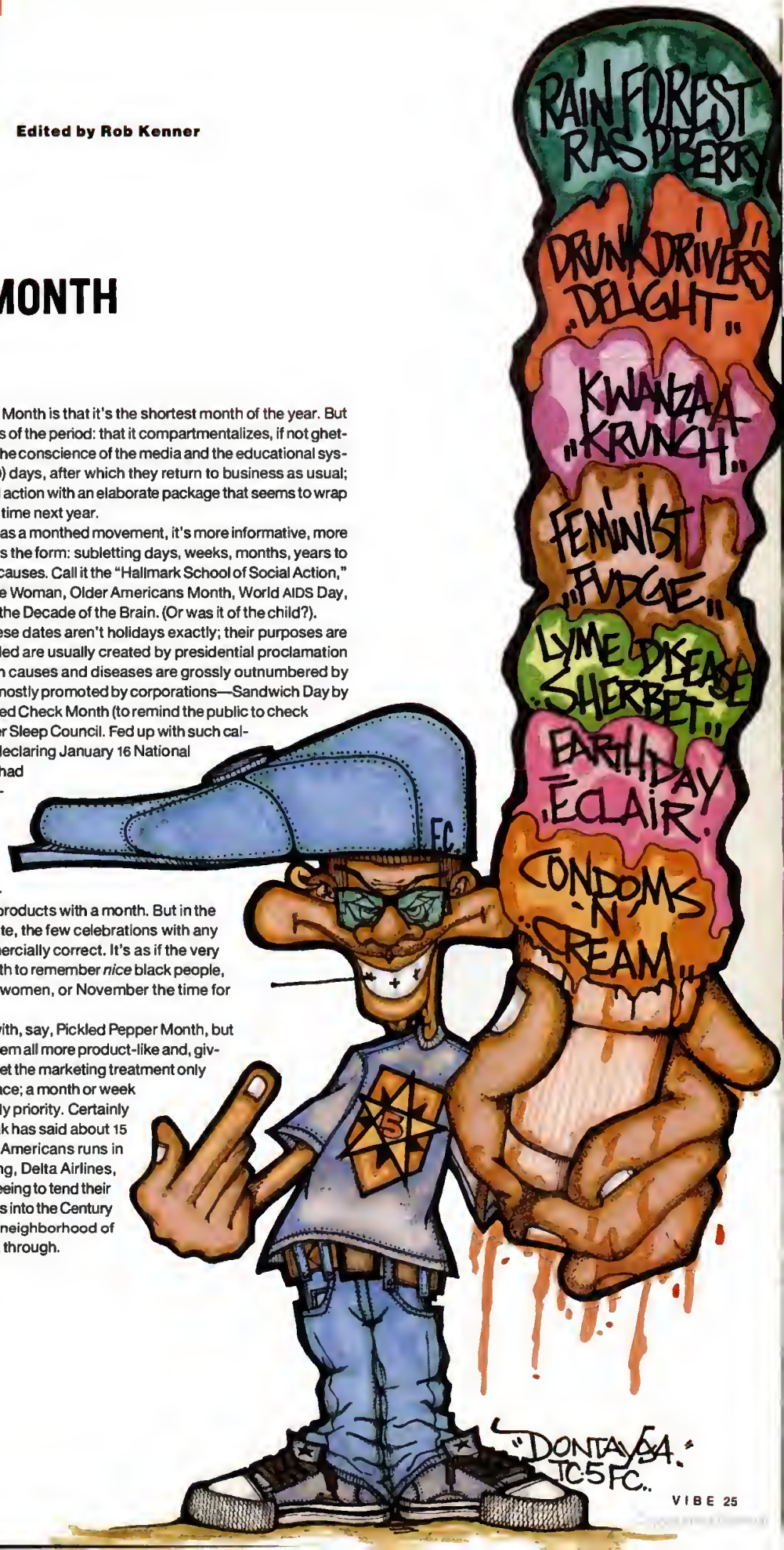
The usual plaintive joke about Black History Month is that it's the shortest month of the year. But size aside, there are other, quieter criticisms of the period: that it compartmentalizes, if not ghettoizes, African American issues; that it salves the conscience of the media and the educational system, getting them to do their duty for 28 (or 29) days, after which they return to business as usual; that ultimately it pacifies the urge toward social action with an elaborate package that seems to wrap it all up. Case made, case closed—until same time next year.

This isn't the fault of Black History Month—as a monthed movement, it's more informative, more useful, more *moving* than most. The problem's the form: subletting days, weeks, months, years to disenfranchised groups or social and political causes. Call it the "Hallmark School of Social Action," built from hundreds of time shares: Year of the Woman, Older Americans Month, World AIDS Day, the Great American Smokeout—these within the Decade of the Brain. (Or was it of the child?).

Generically called "commemoratives," these dates aren't holidays exactly; their purposes are education and publicity. The more civic-minded are usually created by presidential proclamation or congressional or state legislation. But both causes and diseases are grossly outnumbered by commemorations of products and trendlets, mostly promoted by corporations—Sandwich Day by Ziploc Bags—or industry groups—National Bed Check Month (to remind the public to check their mattresses for wear and tear) by the Better Sleep Council. Fed up with such calendarism, someone finally took the liberty of declaring January 16 National Nothing Day—which, unfortunately, Congress had also declared Religious Freedom Day *and* National Good Teen Day.

Today's commemoratives descend from ancient customs, such as festivals that celebrated the harvest, which led to towns celebrating the trading of their produce, and eventually to major corporations celebrating their products with a month. But in the transition from grass-root to mass-media route, the few celebrations with any political edge have become a bit more commercially correct. It's as if the very crown of officialdom makes February the month to remember *nice* black people, or March the month for not *completely* shrill women, or November the time for *cooperative* Native Americans.

Not that these *serious* months are on par with, say, Pickled Pepper Month, but rationing causes by the calendar does make them all more product-like and, given their abundance, devalued. Many groups get the marketing treatment only because they've been neglected in the first place; a month or week is doled out as consolation for not being a daily priority. Certainly that's how major corporations respond: Kodak has said about 15 percent of its advertising targeted to African Americans runs in February, when companies like Miller Brewing, Delta Airlines, and Burger King also line up their BHM ads. Agreeing to tend their chunk of the year, each marginalized group buys into the Century of the Consumer—and February becomes a neighborhood of time that corporate America feels safe to walk through.



START

REAL RAP RADIO

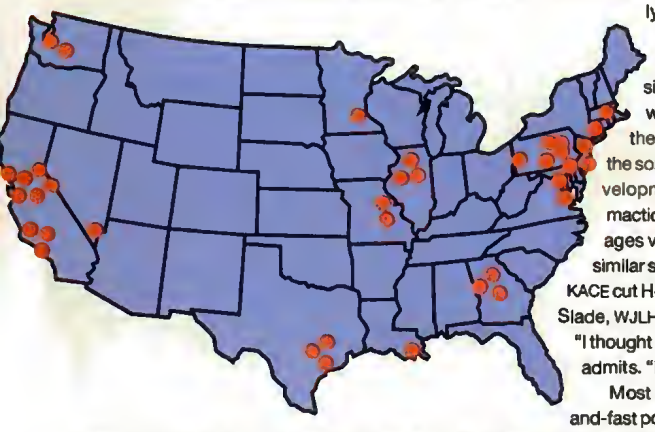
"Bad" music backlash or business as usual?

As you're perhaps sick of hearing by now, the people who decide what gets played on the radio have had enough of gangsta rap and other "harmful" forms of music. They're not going to stand for it any longer and that's that. Or is it?

The noise started back in October when KACE, a small R&B station in Los Angeles, began airing hourly announcements that it would no longer play "music that glorifies drug use, is sexually explicit, encourages violence or denigrates women." The station cut songs like "Lick U Up," "Indo Smoke," and "Come Inside" from their playlist. It also got tons of free publicity.

By November, KPWR, the top contemporary music station in L.A., agreed to edit the words "bitch," "ho," and "nigger" from songs they played. Then WBLS in New York issued a statement that it, too, would cut songs "containing derogatory, profane, or misogynist lyrics, or lyrics which advocate violence." Then KKBT in L.A. said it would edit the b-word, the h-word, and the n-word, as well as other profanity "in most instances." The list keeps growing.

But what all this moral posturing really means is difficult to determine. KACE won't play Salt-N-Pepa's friendly, if a bit reunchy, "Shoop," while BLS still pleys it regularly. All stations asked said they would play a song like Latifah's "U.N.I.T.Y." since the outlawed words bitch and ho appear within a "positive context." (Of course, when they bleep the offending words, they also erase the song's message.) No one thought Arrested Development's "People Everyday"—despite its climactic brawl—would count as a song that "encourages violence." But had, say, Ice Cube recorded a similar song, would it have been so easily pardoned? KACE cut H-Town's "Knocking Da Boots," though Karen Slade, WJLH's general manager, opted to play it at first. "I thought 'knocking da boots' was a dance move," she admits. "I guess you have to be in the know."



Most radio stations insist that they have no hard-and-fast policy, preferring to decide on a "case-by-case basis." So what's new? WBLS and KJLH already had a "bad word" policy in effect years before it made front-page news with its announcement. This sudden outburst of responsibility looks like just another public relations frenzy. Radio stations are still businesses, and—no matter whet they say—their decisions have more to do with your money than their morals. That's why college radio is where it's at for underground hip hop. Progressive, album- oriented, mostly format- and commercial-free, these shows are where you can hear songs mainstream stations won't touch—that is, of course, until those songs blow up. So VIBE asked Bobbito to list some of the best real rap shows in the country. *Roni Sarig*

BOBBITO'S RADIO LIST

Times and days are always subject to change, and this is by no means the last word. When in doubt, swing to the left of your dial at the oddest hours of the day and pray.

Boston
WMBR 88 FM, Sat. 11 p.m.-1:30 a.m.
DJ Chameleon.
WZBC 90.3 FM
Sat. 11 p.m.-2 a.m.
DJ Audi.
WRBB 104.9 FM
Sat. 10 p.m.-12 a.m.
DJ Shane.
WERS 88.9 FM
Mon.-Fri. 8-11 p.m.
Brother J.

Hartford, Conn.
WESU 88.1 FM
nightly "Music for the People."

New York
WHCR 90.3 FM
Mon.-Fri. 6-8 p.m.
Lamel is fearless.
WBAU 90.3 FM
Mon. 8 p.m.-11 p.m.
Wildman Steve hosts.
WBAI 99.5 FM
Tues. 10-11 p.m.
J Smooth runs things like that.
WNYE 91.5 FM
Thurs. 9-11 p.m.
Mr. Magic returns.
WNYU 89.1 FM
Wed. and Thurs. 10:30 p.m.-1a.m.
DJ Martin Moor.
WKCR 89.9 FM
Thurs. 11 p.m.-1a.m.
The Stretch Armstrong Show hosted by yours truly.
WNYE 91.5 FM
Sat. 6-7 p.m.
DJ Kenny Spears.
WRHU 88.7 FM
Sat. 11 p.m.-3 a.m.
Professor Jeff Foss of Hofstra University hosts a "Post-Punk Progressive Pop Party."
WNWK 105.9 FM
Sat. 12 a.m.-1 a.m.; 2 a.m.-4 a.m.
The Awesome Two.

Atlantic City
WLFR 91.7FM
Fri. 6-9 p.m.
Sure-Rock Holmes and DJ Marc.

Pittsburgh
WPTS 96.5 FM
Fri. 9-11 p.m.
DJ Black Steel.

Philadelphia
WKDU 91.7 FM
Sun. 12-2 p.m.
A.J. Shine and Cosmic Kev.
WPRB 103.3 FM
Thurs. 10 p.m.-1 a.m.
DJs Dale Williams and John Weaver.

Baltimore/D.C.
WEAA 88.9 FM
Sat. 12-5:30 a.m.
DJs Vinnie V, Roots, Markie B, Dave, Class, and Ray.

Atlanta
WRAS 88.5 FM
Sat. 9-10 p.m., Sun. 10 p.m.-2 a.m.
DJs Randal, Talib, and G-Wiz.
WREK 91.1 FM
Thurs. 9-11 p.m.
DJ Subtle T'e station wina prize for best call letters.

Chicago
WHPK 88.5 FM
Fri. 12 a.m.-3 a.m., Sat. 12 a.m.-3 a.m.
J.P. Chill on Fndays. Chilly-Q on Saturdays.
WEFT 90.1 FM (Champaign, IL)
Fri. 12-4 a.m.
DJ Jelloman.
WNUR 89.3 FM
Sun. 11 p.m.-2 a.m.
DJ Romaina and the crew from *Fly Paper* magazine.

St. Louis
KDHX 88.1 FM
Fri. 9 p.m.-12 a.m.
DJ Wiz and Sylvester.
KWUR 90.3 FM
Over 20 hours of hip hop a week—the most in the country.

New Orleans
WTUL 91.5 FM
Sun. 12-3 a.m.
DJ Jeff B.

Houston
KPFT 90.1 FM
Mon. 12-5:30 a.m.
DJ Mad Matt.
KTRU 91.7 FM
Sat. 10 p.m.-1 a.m.
DJs Kip Fergusson and Rob Taylor.
KTSU 90.9 FM
Sat. 10 a.m.-3 p.m.
Marcus Love'a "Kidzjamm."

Minneapolis
KMOJ 89.9 FM
Fri. 2-6 p.m.
DJ Brother Jules.

Las Vegas
KUNV 91.5 FM
Fri 8-10 p.m
DJ Warren Peace.

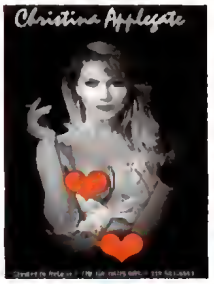
Seattle
KCMU 90.3 FM
Sun. 6-8 p.m.
Nasty Nes the prankster and Mike C.
KAOS 89 3 FM
Fri. 6-9 p.m. (Olympia)
DJ Nancy G.

Los Angeles
KCRW 89.9 FM
Sat. 12-2 a.m.
Michaal Mixx'in Moor'a militant master mix.
KXLU 88 9 FM
Fri. 10 p.m.-12 a.m.
DJ Mike N.
KUCR 88.3 FM (Riverside)
Sun. 12-3 p.m. I don't know who's funniar, Rockberry or his listeners who call in.

The Bay Area
KALX 90.7 FM
Sun. 9:30 a.m.-12 p.m.
DJ Davey O.
KALX 90.7 FM
Fri. 9 p.m.-12 a.m.
Bani B can show you where producers get their samples.
KPFA 94.1 FM
Tues. 2:30-4 p.m.
Davey O (again!).
KPOO 89.5 FM
Fri. 10 p.m.-2 a.m., Sun. 12 p.m.-3 a.m., 3-7 p.m.
DJ G, and KK Baby.
KUSF 90.3 FM
Sun. 6-8 p.m.
Billy Jam (don't give a damn).
KZSU 90.1 FM
Sun. 6-9 p.m.
Kevvy Kev, Kutmaster Kurt and the Drum Posse.

JOYSTICK

Celebrity Cyberporn.



Ramamber *Waird Science*, the John Hughes film in which teen boys fed copias of *Playboy* into thair homa computar and Kelly LaBrock popped out? Well, dream no more—or more precisaly, dream *bettar*.

New personal computers are powerful enough to handle professional photo-retouching software. So what has this newly availabla technology allowed the average citizen to share with tha world?

Big surprise: Computer bulletin boards are filling up with digitized pornography. There are plenty of other downloadable images, sounds, and video clips—from the Zapruder film of the JFK assassination to 15-minute-old satallita weathar maps—but none cause similar congestion on the network. In the last year, almost all semipublic computer sitas have had to clear out porn archives whenever they develop. The problem isn't depravity but that the rush of porn traffic can crash a computar system.

Free X-rated megabytes persist through the electronic mail—known as e-mail or Usenet. Most images are simply scanned (the visual equivalant of sempling) from porn mags and videos, but there is a distinct new art form emerging. Call it Celabrity Cyberskin: users lovingly graft famous heads onto *Playboy* (and much raunchier) bodias. The color-Xerox technology has been around for yaars to rendar such works with a scissors and paper, but computar networks make it easy to electronically polish and publish tha amataur cosmatic surgary. This image of Christina Applegate was downloaded from an internationally availabla cyberspace address known as alt.binarias.pictures.erotica.

Though lass salacious digital graffiti also abounds—*Barnay*, the purple PBS dinosaur with tha moronic smila, oftan shows up reconfigured with knifa wounds—homamade calebrity porn hits a deeper nerva among tha still primarily mala, straight, and geeky network community. On-line neophytes, or newbias, as they are widaly known, worry about what's real and what's virtual. "Where'd you gat that picture of Winona Ryder?" demands a typical massege on tha alt.binarias.pictures.supermodels Usenet group, while the more axperienced simply leer for more. Sample quote: "Does anybody hava any saxy pics of Brad or Malody, the two girls from *Hay, Dude* on Nickalodeon?"

As sex continuas to push the limits of technology, perhaps homemade computer porn hints at a future when mass entertainmant and its familiar facas will be shattered by the power of privata whim. Just imagine the appeal of tha first TV ramote to include a "disrobe" button. *Nathaniel Wice*

RUFUS & TYRONE

If the boots fit, wear 'em. By Otis Brayboy II




ROBERT HUGHIE

PARIS BURNING

Onyx, Run-D.M.C. and tear gas.

It was a mellow crowd, 500 or so flawlessly dressed B-boys and girls, sitting patiently in a smoky, run-down theater, waiting for Onyx and Run-D.M.C. to show up. The body search to get in, the warm-up music extending well past the starting hour...everything was standard-issue hip hop show—except that the entire audience was speaking French. If there were any doubts that rap and the mass media have created an international style, they were put to rest that December night in Montmartre.

The lyrics and stage patter hardly seemed to matter. Whatever barrier existed between performer and audience wasn't linguistic. It was—to use a concept the Parisians adore—one of civility. And so when Onyx screamed for "all the bitch-ass niggers [to] get the fuck out," most of the audience, in the band's limited definition, would probably qualify as unwelcome. But the crowd knew enough to howl with approval, even if the cheer was eminently civilized. Or so it seemed. About a third of the way into Run-D.M.C.'s set, a lone heckler at the edge of the stage became quite conspicuous. His arm and middle finger were extended in a gesture of contempt that needed no interpreter. He seemed harmless—if persistent—but the security guards set upon him anyway, at first just to get him away from the stage, then to control his belligerence. His friends started fighting back, inviting more security guards, and the spat snowballed into a brawl that worked its way toward the exit. The house lights came up halfway, and Run—more adept at crowd control than his hosts—pleaded with his fans, "If you came to party, and not to fight, throw your hands in the air," which people did.

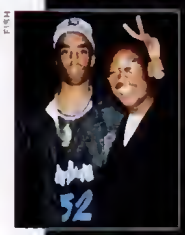
That should've been the end, but as the band started its next song, which happened to mention gunfire, three loud pops were heard from the club's lobby. Tear gas stripped off the veneer of Parisian gentility, and an entire section of the mezzanine began rushing out in a mini-panic, shirts pulled over faces. Some mouths can speak perfect French, some can shout street obscenities, but no mouth could breathe through that stinging cloud.

The guards in the lobby seemed more confused than anyone else, blocking the glass doors because bottles were being thrown on the boulevard outside. There were angry cries of *"On va mourir dedans!"* ("We're gonna die in here!") from choking concertgoers, and the guards finally relented, telling people to run to the sides. The scene on the street was bizarrely medieval, as the security forces chased one intransigent guy with a two-by-four, a long pole, and a huge bullwhip. The police arrived, the hall emptied out, and the show ended prematurely. Patrons wound their way back through the neighborhood of strip joints and prostitutes, wondering anew about where to draw the lines between defiance and authority, Old School and Old World, culture and anarchy.

James Ledbetter

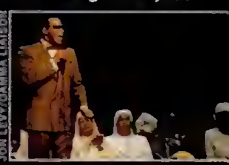
BULLETS

SUCCESS IS THE BEST REVENGE. Even though his American Dream sometimes seems like an American Nightmare, Sean "Puff Daddy" Combs continues to land on his feet and keep on—as the Pips like to say—keeping on. Last year found him on the outs at Andre Harrell's Uptown Records, but have no fear—Puffy certainly didn't.


FIRM

He's still cool with Andre (rabbit ears notwithstanding), and the Puffy vibe *will* be felt on Mary J. Blige's next album. Meanwhile, Puffy's Bad Boy Entertainment label will be distributed by Arista, which is fast becoming the new home for fierce black music moguls like Dallas Austin and the LaFace boys. As if all that's not enough, there's a new addition to the Puffy empire: Justin Dior Combs, born the day before New Year's. Puffy calls him Puff Daddy Jr. "I'm taking things one day at a time now," he says laughing. "It's on." C'mon now, Puff, did anyone ever really think it was *off*?

FARRAKHAN FÊTE: "You better watch out, you better look out, cause Farrakhan is comin' to town," warned a jolly Minister Khallid Muhammad at the pre-Christmas press conference welcoming the Nation of Islam leader to New York for his "Stop the Killing" lecture, officially billed as "The Mother of All Events." Among the 20,000 who packed the Jacob Javits Convention Center were Wesley Snipes, Afrika Bambaataa, Johnny Gill, Flavor Flav, and Reverend Al Sharpton, as well as Farrakhan's seldom-seen wife. The 60-year-old calypso-singer-turned-lightning-rod-for-controversy demanded that entertainers own up to their influence on youth. "In the '60s," he said, "the sisters called themselves the Supremes, now they're called Bytches With Problems." Most puzzling moment: when he introduced Muhammad Aziz, a gray-haired, bearded man who embraced the leader and waved. After Aziz was seated, Ferrakhan identified him as the man falsely accused of killing Malcolm X, and then...nothing. Oddly, after spending 26 years in prison, Aziz had nothing to say.


JON LEVY/DAMMA LHAISEN

THEFT TO ORDER: "Labels for Less" has a whole new meaning in London, where theft-to-order is the way some kids get quality, value, convenience, and a cheap thrill. "If you know what you want," says one stolen-goods broker, "I can get it for you." As the new economy grows—some mail orders are even being flown to the States—Scotland Yard has seen a dramatic increase in brazen store thefts. A favorite technique is "ram-raiding," in which thieves drive a stolen truck right through a store window and take what they want. "The purchasers of stolen merchandise are sophisticated, well-heeled people who can afford to buy these goods in a shop," says one police inspector. But who wants to pay retail when a middle man can offer it to you for 75 percent less? Plus, think of the conversational mileage you get from telling friends you got your gear from *real live gangsters*.


STEWART BONNEY/NEWSPAPER SYNDICATION

WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?

By Ricky Powell


CHI MODY

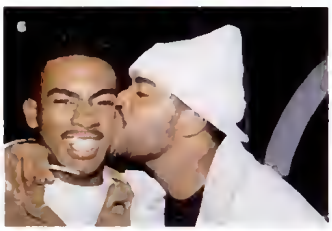
The Rickster

- **Bowery bums not getting their propers on sneeker trendsetting? (Pumas, Cons, and Pro-Keds?)**
- **Michael Jackson and little boys? I didn't know he was a priest!**
- **Dennis Rodman? If the San Antonio Spurs don't pan out, there's always the Coney Island sideshow.**
- **Eric from *The Grind*? He needs to take remedial classes in B-boyism.**
- **Stretch Armstrong and Bobbito hosting *YO! MTV Raps*? I'm with it!**
- **Pet owners who wear fur coats? What are you, thick?!**
- **B-boy security guards? It's like me being a substitute teacher.**
- **Whoopi's eyebrows? Are they pasted on Ted Danson's upper lip?**
- **Color Me Badd? Are they down with NKOTB?**
- **Good-quality graffiti? It's gone!**
- **Black chicks with blond hair? Kinda turns me on.**
- **The name Dick Butkus?**
- **Tootie? She got some big titties now.**
- **Chicks that rock tube socks with their high heels? Zheeesh!**
- **Dionne Warwick? Homelady is buggin' with her tele-pathetic psycho friends network.**

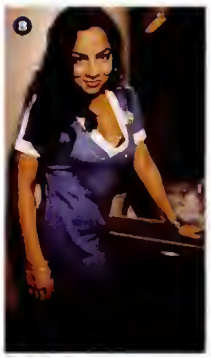


START
IN THE MIX
















OH, BABY! What a scene it was at New York's Palladium for Hot 97 FM's coming out party. The spot was overcrowded with ticket winners, MCs, and almost every female hip hop dancer known to man, all sweating to the sounds of DJ Funk Master Flex . (Too bad your ass was home watchin' the *Rolling Stone* special.) Das EFX, SWV, Lords of the Underground, Onyx, and Sagat —of "Funk Dat!" fame—kept the crowd bouncin' throughout the night. But the highlight of the evening was Wu-Tang Clan, who rolled in 195 deep, straight from the Staten Island Temple. **1.** Wu-Tang's Method Man puts on a chronic clinic. **2.** Ol' Dirty Bastard flashes the Wu-Tang hand sign (looks kinda painful). **3.** The Clan bumrushing backstage. **4.** Shyheim, who's down with Wu-Tang but still working on that hand sign, flexes with newly signed raggamuf' Kid Vicious (a.k.a. "Baby Shabba"). **5.** Treach and Pepa still shoopin' it up. **6.** MTV's Bill Bellamy learns at last why they call the man Ed *Lover*. **7.** Zhané tastefully refrained from yelling "Hey Mr. D.J.," no matter what Flex was spinning. **RANDOM FLIX: 8.** La Diva Latina Lisette Melendez and (**9.**) Speech from Arrested Development were among those who woke up early to support LIFEbeat's fund-raising breakfast to fight AIDS. **10.** Joe was really feeling it when he sang "I'm In Luv," especially after his dancer hiked up her skirt and began to grind. **11.** "Damn, Phife, you got fat!" Maybe that's why Maseo (De La Soul) and Mike G (Jungle Brothers) thought Phife should wear his birthday cake instead of eating it. **12.** Bill Cosby, looking like someone stole his pudding pop, on the set of NBC's "Cosby Mystery Movie." Hey Cos, did you ask your costar Dante Smith? **13.** Flavor Flav still buggin' for '94. **QUESTION:** Who can throw a party where Wu-Tang, Shabba, Patra, Coolio, TCF Crew, Masta Ace, and Whodini all perform—for free? Who can get (**14.**) Chuck D to sit still for anything? Who can get (**15.**) Shabba Ranks to fly in from Jamaica and attract Kool DJ Red Alert? Who can get (**16.**) Xscape to line up for their turn to rock the mike? **17.** Ralph (we hardly recognized you in the tux) McDaniels, that's who. The occasion? A 10th-anniversary party for his Video Music Box. Ralph's old partner Vid Kid (better known now as director Lionel Martin) even showed up to throw down.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (1-7) DELPHINE FAWUNDU (8-9) ROBERT HUGHIE (10, 13, 14, 16) TRILOBITE (11-12) FISH (15, 17) RACHELLE CLINTON

TRUE TO
THE STREET.
TRUE TO
THE HEART.



Lisette Melendez comes of age with her sexy and sultry new album, "True To Life," featuring the good-to-go smash single, Goody Goody.

Lisette Melendez

"TRUE TO LIFE"

Executive Producers: Andy "Panda" Tripoli and Sal Abbatiello
Management: Eagle Eye Management and After Dark Management

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START STIX & STöNZ

by Bönz Malone

BIG SHOTZ AND HARD ROX

Once upon a time I had a dream. In this dream I was the Big Magilla. A li'l nigga that pushed big niggas around. Like all certified gangsters, I started out small—sellin' gray lemonade out of an empty apartment. Business was good. In two weeks the whole building was hooked on sugar and rainwater. It was easy. All I had to do was pay the super his 20 per and I'd still triple my allowance. Then Carlo got greedy and torched the joint for the insurance money. That's when I moved my operation to the street. I hung out with the thugz. I showed 'em how to bet on skelly and then we started going all over town playing suckers for money (you can keep the candy). It was fun! Nobody had gunz in third grade. If you had a beef, you told the teacher. If you had a beef with us, you got jumped. Tuff talk in a tuff town, but we ain't take no shit.

We went from peanut butter and jelly to pizza with extra cheez. I had a permanent seat on the school bus. Holding sit-down meetings in the lunchroom while the mob took bus passes on the staircase. Penny-anty stuff like dat made us famous. The whole school knew we were bad newz. Sure we got busted a few times. Did a couple of weeks on suspension. That only earned us more respect.

As soon as we got back it started all over again. The racketeering, loan sharking, and extortion. It was all about attitude. In my neighborhood, to be or not to be ain't the question. It's what will you become, the schlemiel or the schlemazi?

I liked this dream, 'cause I got a chance to be a big shot. Just like all those gangster flix and westerns I used to watch as a kid. Like when Yul Brynner picked his six men in *The Magnificent Seven*. Or Edward G. Robinson in *Little Caesar*. They had mad juice, always wearing the fat shit, surrounded by a gang of mobsters that would beat you till you begged for death. Now *that's* entertainment!

Nobody wants to be average. It got to be above the rim and better. And nobody's better than the Big Magilla! But somehow, even in my own cool world, things changed. Seems like just a minute ago I was 10 years oid in the third grade; now it's February 5, and I'm 26.

No more stickball & skelly tops—strictly gunz and drug spots. Last night they shot the chief supplier. Everyone in town is at war with each other. There's more gangs now than just a few minutes ago. I'm starting to get a bad feeling about this whole thing. It's going down tonight. Justice is comin'! "Whatever, I'm not afraid." (Slappin' a 22-shot clip into my 9mm.) "You think I'm going out like dat . . . Billy Magillaaa?!! I'm big bad news. Always have, always will be!! Nobody's taking shit away from me!" (Slappin' a 22-shot clip into my *other* 9mm.) Damn, my heart is pounding hard as hell. They should be here any minute. They call themselves "US," short for "Un-Stoppabie." Ali my boys (BCFM, the Boys Club For Men) were getting ready, when suddenly someone screamed, "It's US!" They drove up on the opposite corner sprayin' shit up. I reached for the twin Glocks and squeezed, just like in the movies: "Blattata! Blatatatatatah!"

They shot "Champ" and "Preacher," the two closest to the car. Then "Dutch" fell, and "Murdock." Then it was over. A nigga pulled out the infrared and said, "Get in the car." They took my burners and shoved me inside. "Where are we going?" I said. "For a ride. Shaddup." When they slammed the door, that's when I woke up—behind bars in the Bronx House!

All that attitude got me was time in the joint. Some people have dreams to make cream when they should be thinking of ways and means. Now I hate gunz and gangsters. Yeah, it feels good to be big time, but like Carlito said, "You wanna live big time, you *die* big time." When the bough breaks—and it will—it's still a long way down. One day you're rich, the next day you're dead—just 'cause you got too big too fast. Who needs that shit? I'm tired of seeing the same kids with the same clothes; clothes come with the attitude. You know the type: the kid with the hoody and the boots, who fronts like he got juice. Well I got bad news, pretty nigga: that shit is broke. If you ain't original, then you ain't shit. Fuck you *and* your ski hat.

Hard rox think that to be large, you have to look large. But they don't know that success isn't measured by clothes or the car you drive, it's what you do while you're alive. "What do you want to be when you grow up, Billy?" I want to be a Legend like Acura! I want the money and the fame too. But I wanna be legal, not like Bugsy Siegel. How you play the game is just as important as winning. Today we need a iot more men and a iot less gangsters. Can't we all just get along? Nah, first we got to learn to get along without the attitude. That's where it starts. It can take you up, then straight down into the grave.

There's only a small remnant left from the original crew. Most of them are either locked up or dead. That was '87 to '89, during New York's war tour. I was there when Lo-Lifes ran Crown Heights. That's when gangs started running the city. So many kidz died for pride, 'cause they couldn't cross tuff street. I know the feelin'.

West Side Story set the tone. That was the first gang flick I ever saw. I still sing the Jets song: "When you're a Jet, you're a Jet all the way. From your first cigarette to your last dying day. . . When you're a Jet it's the swingin'est thing. Little boy, you're a man; little man, you're a king." But there's a lot of sharks out there. Get out while you still can. Now that's a man. King me! This year I'm going after corporate accounts, and the only contracts I sign are the ones that pay me.

[This has been a public service announcement to show you how the other half lives. It is intended for immature readers only. Parental guidance is necessary, but not always available. This is the Big Magilla for the Boys Club For Men. And remember, I'm not just the president, I'm also a Giant.]

Dedicated to the House Gang in Crime Heights & to the Gun-Hill Killers, Bronx NY.



ILLUSTRATION BY DONTAY TCSIVE

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by Max Ernst

SOUL ON ICE

It's got speed, violence, even those cool Jason masks—but can hockey be marketed to the hip hop generation?

When Michael Jordan coldcocked the NBA by retiring, the big question was not "Why'd he do that?" but "Can the sport survive?" Michael took the game that Magic and Bird revamped and made it more than a sport; basketball became "entertainment." Money came pouring in, and the league worried that without Michael, it was going to stop.

That's one problem hockey doesn't have. The sport was supposed to have found its Michael in Wayne Gretzky. Nice kid, good teeth (always a bonus among hockey players), helluvan athlete, but Gretzky never had the broad appeal of Michael. Gretzky, a prototypical Canadian—pleasant, dull—can only shill camcorders. Michael moves burgers, beverages, breakfast cereal, underwear, hot dogs, and the shoes. As the poor relation in professional sports, hockey wants someone to be like Mike.

Merchandising figures tell the story. Last year, major league baseball snagged $2.8 billion, the NFL $2.4 billion, and the NBA a respectable $2.1 billion. But the gear bought by NHL fans totalled only $700 million last season.

There is money to be made in hockey, though, as the San Jose Sharks found out. As soon as they entered the league in 1991, their logo—a big, black shark chomping on a hockey stick—appeared on hats and sweatshirts as no hockey emblem had done before. Though their record that first season was a rank 17-58-5, they moved $125 million worth of stuff, one-fifth of total NHL gear sales. The Sharks were perhaps the first team to realize that if hockey is to flourish, it needs to reach beyond its traditional fan base (read: white, northeastern) and tap into a more diverse demographic (read: the hip hop nation and its satellite states). Kids are wearing more and more sports gear every day, especially those oversize hockey uniforms. If Onyx can make bucks selling hockey jerseys, then so can the NHL.

Although hockey doesn't have as many hip hop poster boys to choose from as the NBA, black skaters have been part of the NHL for 36 years. The Boston Bruins' Willie O'Ree broke the league's color line in 1958. He played just 45 games before retiring, and more than 16 years passed before another black skater, Fu Manchu-ed Mike Marson, took the ice for the Washington Capitals in 1974.

Tony McKegney of the Buffalo Sabres became the first NHL regular in 1978. Three years later, the NHL had its first black star, Grant Fuhr of the Edmonton Oilers. Also the league's first black goalie, Fuhr tended net from 1981 until 1991, a period during which the team won five league championships. (He now plays for the Sabres.) And in 1981, Valmore James, from Ocala, Florida, become the first—and so far the only—African American player in the NHL.

The Sharks are leading the way in reaching out to new fans—which, in California, is practically everyone. Foremost is their Sharks & Parks project, which supplies out-of-the-box street hockey programs to local rec centers. Last year, the program enlisted 28,000 kids from black, Asian, and Hispanic communities, along with towheaded kids from the suburbs. The Sharks also sponsor ice hockey camps, which attract 600 kids at a time, many of them Sharks & Parks graduates.



Icebreaker: The Boston Bruins' Willie O'Ree, 1958, the first black player in the NHL.

These kids then go to Sharks games, and "drag their parents along, which is typically the first time [the parents] have seen ice hockey," says Shark marketing mastermind Matt Levine. With life-sized mascots and laser-light shows, Sharks games are regular entertainment bonanzas. Levine says the team's goal is to become, like the Raiders, Knicks, and Dodgers, "national teams, not just local teams. We want to generate publicity year-round." Year-round publicity, year-round T-shirt sales, year-round bucks. That's a tall order without the proverbial Michael-on-skates.

If hockey's hip-hop Messiah doesn't come out of Cali, though, he may come out of New York. Nestled into the banks of the Harlem Meer, and reflecting the lights of Uptown Manhattan, is Central Park's Lasker Rink, home to the city's most unusual after-school activity. The six-year-old Ice Hockey In Harlem is an education/counseling program disguised as a hockey camp. In mandatory Monday night classes, the kids, aged 7 to 17, calculate statistics and study hockey geography (where *is* Edmonton on the map?), They even work on their own newsletter.

They also learn hockey, which is no small feat. Unlike their Canadian and suburban counterparts, who begin to skate shortly after walking, the Harlem kids (a mixture of blacks and Hispanics, including a couple of girls) are seven, sometimes older, before they hit the ice. Not surprisingly, they move without much finesse—at first.

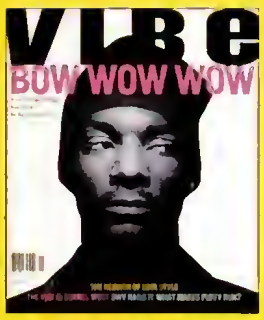
"They're still rusty from the summer, but they'll speed up soon," says one volunteer coach, an advertising exec and hockey fan, during a rinkside break. "They actually get remarkably good. Our traveling team, the Red Hawks, plays local teams, and three of our players are now varsity for New England prep schools." Players with good attendance—which turns out to be most of them—graduate in the spring, and receive a pair of Rollerblades in-line skates. Most then participate in a summer street hockey league, and nearly all take advantage of scholarships to hockey camps, including one in Finland.

After practice, in the locker room, the kids gather around Shondu Jones, who joined the program in 1987 and is now a first-year student at Johnson & Wales College in Rhode Island. The goalie on the varsity hockey team, Shondu is home on break, coaching Harlem's young goalies. "I first saw hockey with my relatives in Pennsylvania," he recalls. "And I said 'Get some football on. Something I can understand.' But they helped me get into it."

Shondu's attraction to the game: "I love the speed of hockey—I play football too. I got some abuse from my friends at first, but I really got into the game." Shondu's problems with the sport: "Lack of ice time. Other kids, they go to a rink anytime." Shondu's hockey heroes: "Grant Fuhr. And [Florida Panthers goalie] John Van Biesbrouck, most definitely. I don't know why I like left-handed goalies." Shondu on turning pro: "If we can go to the nationals this year... I'd like to."

When Ice Hockey In Harlem first started, kids had to be dragged onto the rink. Now they have to be turned away. That alone doesn't guarantee the success of the NHL, but it does prove a point. Rap and hockey can mix—Funkadelic and D.U. are the soundtrack at Lasker Rink practices. Somewhere out there is a kid who knows his Bauers and his Boogie Down, his CCMs and his EPMD, his Ice Cube and his ice skates. And he will bring the sport into the new millennium.

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NEXT

People on the verge

GABRIELLE

The British dream girl

WHEN GABRIELLE SHOT TO FAME IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, the first thing everyone noticed—besides her voice—was the eye patch. Worn to hide e drooping eyelid present since childhood, the singer quickly realized she was on to a good thing. "People still think it wes e calculated plan to grab media attention, even though there was actually something wrong with me," she seys. "Of course in terms of getting me noticed, it worked."

Even though 1993 was a mighty fine year—with her debut single "Dreems" hitting number one on the pop charts in her native U.K., going Top 10 in Europe, and now Top 40 in the United States—success did not come easy.

Gabrielle's cynicism reflects her upbringing in the harsh, urban environment of southeast London, where she dreamed of appearing in horror movies and of becoming a singer before she finally settled on educational psychology es the career she wanted to pursue. "You've got all those pompous people in high positions thinking they know what's wrong with the youth of today," she says. "I thought, et least I'd be someone the youth could ectuelly identify with."

Gabrielle was lured back into e musical cereer when a male "friend" offered her the chence to perform on an early recording of "Dreams," end assured her that only 200 promotional copies would be pressed. Unbeknownst to her, several thousand were promptly sold on the black market, with an uncleared sample from Tracy Chapman's "Fast Car." "The guy promised to make me famous," says Gabrielle, leughing, as she can well afford to do today.

But out of the catastrophe, Gabrielle secured a record deal with the fledgling British label Go! Discs. "Dreams"—about as perfect a pop song as one could ever hope to hear, with its naggingly incessant hook, folk/soul leanings, and wonderfully self-prophetic chorus—was promptly re-recorded (minus the Tracy Chapman sample) along with a full-length album that enlists producers like Andy Cox and David Steele of Fine Young Cannibals end the Boilerhouse.

On her strong debut, *Find Your Way*, Gabrielle glides effortlessly through up-tempo house, straight-up pop, and, most successfully, e series of R & B- flavored cuts. "I listen to everyone, from Jodeci and Toni Braxton to straight-out pop acts like East 17 [a British New Kids on the Block]," she says. "You've got to know how to get your music ecross to as meny people as possible."

Gabrielle recently had an operation to fix her eye. But the petch, like her music, will probebly become a permanent fixture. *Lee Harpin*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONNA TROPE. HAIR BY JUNIOR. MAKEUP BY ANN MARIE LEDESTE.

People still think it was a calculated plan to grab media attention, even though there was actually something wrong with me.

NEXT

MAD FLAVA Beats in the heart of Texas



PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL HASTINGS

WHEN MAD FLAVA—COLD CRIS, KASAAN, G, AND HYPE DAWG—started back in the late '80s, they had no money for production, so they freestyled over other groups' beats and instrumental breaks. That's how the Dallas-based quartet learned to season their groove-heavy, no-frills music with a little bit of jazz.

Mad Flava is one of the few rap acts to emerge from the Lone Star State—the D.O.C., Geto Boys, and Vanilla Ice are among the others. On their debut, *From The Ground Unda*, Mad Flava merge the trance-inducing drums and bass of hardcore rap with the jazz-inflected samples favored by A Tribe Called Quest, De La Soul, Gang Starr, and the Hieroglyphics clan. The result is a music that can, with apologies to Chuck D, reach the bourgeois and rock the boulevard.

"We do jazz flipped on a hardcore level," says MC Cold Cris. "We flip it so it's like funk."

They also had a little help. Mad Flava enlisted ex-Bomb Squad lieutenant Eric "Vietnam" Sadler—a fixture from Public Enemy's heyday—to remix their single "Feel the Fiava." He mixed a beat like the one Lenny Kravitz used for Madonna's "Justify My Love" with a soaring trumpet line and a McCoy Tyner-like percussive piano sample on the "Radio Bomb Remix." But Sadler's real work surfaces in the "Smooth Jazz Radio Remix." An acoustic bass line roots the mix, punctuated by a steady high-hat pulse, off-beat rim shots, and a bass drum dropping bombs. As far as jazz goes, this is hard bop.

Mad Flava is part of a roots revival in hip hop, an effort to dispense with the gaudy—but successful—marketing of rap, and to create the type of compelling music that spawned the hip hop nation in the first place. The attitude may be genetic: "Vanilla Ice came to a 7-Eleven near where I live, playing his system *real* loud and disturbing my mother's rest. So she came down—she's hardcore, you know—and *went off* on him and shit," says Cold Cris. "He turned it down." *Max Ernst*

HADDAWAY Around the world with a song

BROWN, WE'RE TOLD BY THOSE WHO ARBITRATE these things, is this year's black. And as Haddaway sails through the exaggerated grandeur of the Helmsley Palace hotel in Manhattan, he seems to have paid attention. Clad in brown suede pants (slightly flared), a nubby brown jacket with contrasting sleeves, and a creamy turtleneck, he looks like he walked straight off the runway. "So sorry to be late," says the singer as he peeks over the top of his sunglasses. "I wanted to go to Saks [Fifth Avenue] and see what they had. Everyone there kept asking me where *my* clothes came from."

The dark glasses and the hulking man ("tour manager and bodyguard") towering over Haddaway are all about necessity, not glamor, he says. "While I'm not popular in America—yet—in Europe, I am very well known."

Which is a typical Haddaway understatement. "What is Love," his popular first single released in the United States, has been at the top of the charts throughout Europe for the past year. It is the perfect brew of a Eurovision jingle, house beats, techno, and an obsessively simple lyric. At his concerts, women scream and throw their bras onstage (a new twist on the Tom Jones theme), and fans stalk his home in Cologne.

Popularity of this nature is new to the expatriate. Haddaway was born on the island of Tobago, and his family moved to Bethesda, Maryland, when he was nine. He didn't relate well to other kids. "I was a bit of an egg," he says. "Things weren't easy with a Caribbean dialect. After enough busted lips, my father decided to take me to aikido school to learn how to diffuse aggression."

He began singing at age 15, in the choir and along with the radio. He went to college in Chicago to study medicine—and took dance classes on the side. Two years later, he switched his major to marketing. After graduation, he went to Germany to work for an American company and decided to stay. Eventually, he began singing back-up for local groups and later formed his own band.

Now at 28, Haddaway's selling himself around the world. He doesn't talk about artistic vision as much as the realities of breaking the American market. "This album is a tool to get me looked at," he says. "I'm not here to be a one-hit wonder. I want a major career like Sting, Annie Lennox, or Prince." *Kiki Mason*



PHOTOGRAPH BY GONZALO MOLAES

ROZALLA

The African queen slows down the tempo

ROZALLA DOESN'T GO OUT MUCH TO discos anymore. After singing in nearly every nightclub in the world promoting her 1992 anthem "Everybody's Free," the so-called "Queen of Rave" is tired of all the flashing lights and throbbing music. She says: "The last thing I want to do when I socialize is go to a nightclub where I *worked*."

And while dance music was clearly Rozalla's international claim to fame, she doesn't want to be categorized as a club kid anymore—in neme or song. "I wanted to broaden my horizons and sing different styles of music, like R & B," she says. "It showcases one's vocals more than dance music."

Her new elbum, *Mixed Emotions*, is filled with slow belleds end love songs that do just that. Ironically though, the first single, "I Love Music" (featured on the *Carlito's Way* soundtrack), is steadily climbing the *dan*ce charts. And her album's producers include Jellybean Benitez, Frankie Knuckles, and Bend of Gypsies—all masterminds of modern dance music, perhaps an indication that she's smart enough not to stray too far, too fast from her bread and butter.

Even as a girl growing up in Zambia, Rozalla knew she would be a great singer, a great voice. At age 13, she began singing on e children's television show there. Later, she moved to Zimbabwe and fronted bends covering Arethe Franklin and Diane Ross fevorites, eventually becoming e local superster with five national number-one hits. She began commuting to London to perform, hooking up with producers Nigel Swanston and Tim Cox of Band of Gypsies. Together the trio put "Everybody's Free," "Faith (In the Power of Love)," end "Are You Ready to Fly?" on the cherts in Europe end the United States. And before long, Rozelle wes opening for Michael Jackson on the European leg of his *Dangerous* Tour.

Dressed in e bleck leather trench coat, jeans, and black suede pumps, Rozalla talks confidently about her imminent reinvention. "When I was categorized as the Queen of Rave, I woke up one moming in England and there it was in the newspeper," she says in her African-by-way-of-London accent. "I don't know what I'm going to be called this time around. I'll get up one moming and read the papers and see what it says." *Emil Wilbekin*



PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRON CLAIBORNE STYLING BY TAMARA MALAMUD HAIR BY BRIAN BUTLER FOR FRANCE

NEXT



PHOTOGRAPH BY BIASETTI

DOMINO

Legitimizing the Long Beach sound

I ADMIT I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE MALE, SO-CALLED "GHETTO," OR SUPPOSEDLY "FREE." But I do know there's something extremely backward about choosing to exercise one's liberty by mass-producing vinyl bitchas so little black girls can grow up to becoma tricks and hoes.

I hata to singla out Domino, but it's unnerving that he thinks his self-titled dabut album is "strictly for the ladies." Especially whan the women he speaks of ain't nothin' but the bitch-ass preoccupation of recant hip hop. Thare's not ona calebration of his boys' mamas, Brian McKnight fans, or Bonita Applebums; mothers who birth and raise our nation's homies; glam nine-to-fivers who live for Ladies' Nights; or sisters whose whip-appeal is as seductiva as the sound of a phat-ass beat.

Instead, Domino rhymes lovely about his bitch-appealing skills on "Diggady Domino." His countless freaks and hoes on "Getto Jam." Underage hoochies on "Do You Qualify." Ass for days on "A.F.D."—and this is only four songs into tha album.

Domino's definitely on some ol' West Coast Father shit. Just think about his idea of safe sex, with his Christopher Williams-like "Nooo, nooo, nooo, nooo[s]..." on the song "Raincoat." And how he gets you wide open on the hit single "Getto Jam." The song where his Grand Puba-esque siren rides a mostly funk, sort of soul, hip hop groove and conjures up images of Sweet Daddy Funk or Cameo in a time warp. What's funny is that Domino isn't pimping a gangsta lean—this is reality.

Unlika tha rest of tha Def Jam hit-making hardrocks, he is actually 100 percent Long "Getto" Beach. That maans Domino was brad in the straets, not contrived in tha boardroom, and aamad his name being a bad-ass gambler back in the day. His gangsta morals are more about being wida open on pussy, not gats. And like any West Coast hood, tha day I met Domino he proudly wora tacky black shoes, black straight-legs with sewn-in creases, and black *Risky Business* shades to boot.

Says Domino: "When peopla was listening to rap music I was listaning to tha Whispers. I'm a kick-back kinda person. I like easy things. I wasn't listaning to all this kill 'am and shoot 'em up stuff. That's how Domino is, who ha is, as ha is, today."

Well, perhaps the second tima around Domino's efforts will reveal a realization that glorifying bitches is equally as heinous as romanticizing driva-bys. Until then, don't attampt to decipher his lyrics—just kaap yo' ass wigglin' to his grooves. *Ipeleng Kgositsile*

MELLOW

"A personal statement"



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AMERICA'S MOST WANTED, STILL AT LARGE
"I want to sit grandkids on my knees and tell them stories."

Four years ago, he was "the nigga ya love to hate." Now Ice Cube has a wife and family and has embraced the Nation of Islam. The original Boy N the Hood has finally moved out of South Central. He says he's older, wiser, and still true to the game. But, asks Joan Morgan, *has hip hop's leading prophet of rage lost his edge?*

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT



It's a beautiful day in Encino, California. A good day, if you will, in the spanking new offices of Ice Cube's fledgling company, Lench Mob Records. Cube's wife, Kim—a very pretty, very pregnant woman—drifts by every once in a while to tell him about an important call he needs to take or affectionately chide him about the growing piles of clutter on his new desk. He says it isn't messy; she says it is. Their wedding picture occupies the one spot on the desk that is relatively clear, a constant in a pile that seems to be ever-shifting, ever-shuffling.

It's been almost four years since Cube's debut solo album, *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted*, marked his graduation from a mere nigga wit attitude to the nigga America loved to hate. Lookin' back, we were ripe for it. Cube broke out at a time when hip hop was definitely on some ol' "I feel pretty" shit. Nubians had discovered the elixir of self-love; Afrocentria abounded—sometimes ad nauseum. But as Langston Hughes once wrote, "We know we are beautiful. And ugly too. The tom-tom cries and the tom-tom laughs...."

Cube came ready to serve heaping mounds of ugly. On *AmeriKKKa*, Cube emerged as the sonic personification of unmitigated black rage. It was violent, sexist, powerful, relentless, funny, and painful. It was also seductive as all hell. For white America, it was a voyeuristic look into the world where racism causes its equality-starved victims to feed upon themselves. For black folks, it was a long, cold, hard look in the mirror. There we were, ass-out for the world to see, and all the Brooks Brothers/kente cloths, relaxers/dreadlocks, embarrassment/denial in the world were not going to change the fact that these "negative" characters were very real fixtures in the black community. In pain and insane.

On his second full-length album, 1991's *Death Certificate*, Cube stripped away the comforts of voyeurism and showed white America what *real* unmitigated black rage would look like if it ever made its way out of the ghetto. The picture was not pretty. Jews, gays, and Asians were the newest victims to get caught in the cross fire. And many of the oh-so-liberal observers who sang Cube's praises when he was rhyming about niggas killing niggas and smackin' up bitches (read: black) were now demanding he be silenced by any means necessary. In 1992, Cube gave his critics the definitive "fuck you" when *The Predator* premiered at number one on the charts.

A lot has happened in Cube's life in the last two years. He's happily married, a follower of the beliefs of the Nation of Islam, and the father of a little namesake (O'Shea Jackson Jr.), with a baby girl on the way. Fans and detractors alike will tell you that Cube seems a lot less angry these days. His new album, *Lethal Injection*—funky, melodic, and relatively laid-back—has left some listeners grumbling, "the Nation and married life done got to Cube," and others wondering if the absence of ire means that they need to find a new vehicle for catharsis.

Over the course of several hours in his office, Cube spoke—full of riveting insights and maddening contradictions—about work, life, family, relationships, and how he intends to survive the pressures of being the world's most celebrated angry black man.

How conscious were you of your audience when you were making this record? On Death Certificate, *for exam-*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN WINTERS STYLING BY RAYNA WINTERS GROOMING BY KATHY WHEELOCK

ple, the concept was that side A would say one thing to your audience, and side B would say another thing.

Well, from *Death Certificate* to now, my audience is totally different. From the little white kid that's nine years old to the old grandmother who likes "It Was a Good Day." That's my whole audience. So I really don't have a pinpoint idea, even though I still do my records directly for black teenagers and young adults.

But I was getting feedback, some people saying, "well, Ice Cube lost his edge." So I have to do records that you expect and records that you don't expect. With *The Predator*, I really wanted to show that Ice Cube has skills—do "Now I Gotta Wet'cha" or "Wicked," and show that I can do just a rap record with no social message. That was the main focus on *The Predator*. And one thing that's never been consistent on any of my records is the music. There's never been a certain musical feel to the whole record. So on *Lethal Injection*, I tried to keep the music consistent, and then throw the raps in for messages. My next record will be real put together, more like *Death Certificate*.

There was a time when you had to go to the 'hood to hear rap, plain and simple. There are pros and cons to its commercial success, but do you think that the expanding audience affects its ability to really be a voice of young black people?

No, because the good thing is that the hardcore records are still respected more than the pop records. Once the pop records get more respect than a hardcore street group, that's when the music will hurt. But any kind of pop, bubblegum, sugar-toast group out there, the hardcore still gets more respect, and that's where it started from. So as long as we keep that base, I don't think the music is hurting at all.

What about the people who front being hardcore, but really aren't—who don't come from where they say they come from. Those records aren't pop, but they have a pop thing about them in the sense that people don't know, so they buy it and eat it up. Do you think that waters it down at all?

If you're black and live in this country, it's an experience. You got a story to tell, and you're legit in telling it. Because no matter how rich you are, how poor you are, this country sees black and white. You're going to get treated pretty much the same way. I think what matters is what a group is saying: Nobody is harder than a bullet. I don't consider myself a hard individual; I can't step through the earth, I can't stop a bullet with my bare flesh. I consider myself *real*, and that's a difference.

We have generals out there that have never shot a gun in a war, but they could *tell* you about war because they know how to look at it. I know a lot of killers, but they're in the pen now, so they can't rap. And I know people who have witnessed things and can explain it. I don't think that makes them less legit than a person who has—quote, unquote—been through it, because we *all* have been through it. Unless you're black, you don't know. Period. So no matter who you are, I don't think it waters it down.

Some people are comic books, and some people are newspapers. Comic books have a whole lot of shooting and killing, but you ain't getting nothing out of it. The newspaper maybe has less of that, but it's true, or somewhat true. I think the audience can pick out who is the comic books and who's the newspaper.

How do you think the mainstream media is handling rap right now?

Well, rap is the only thing where information is distributed that don't go through these channels that information usually has to go through. Without a newspaper, Ice Cube could still sell records. Without a magazine, without a video, without the radio, Ice Cube could sell records. So there's no way to control that. That's scary to the ones who control this all. Because if you distribute information, you can teach the people.

Everybody else—movies, TV shows—has to go through certain channels, and music used to be the same way. If you didn't get played on the radio, you didn't sell. Nowadays, that's not even an issue. Radio play can damn near *hurt* you. That scares the media, so they have to attack rap and make it not so powerful. Public Enemy, Ice Cube, Ice-T, whoever is saying something, that's the main threat, and their main focus is to try to bring us down. And they use different ways, they see exactly what tempts you. Some groups they watch and try to bury from the start—let you blow up fast, then get you buried.

Is Arrested Development an example of that? They got written up in places like The Wall Street Journal.

They saw that the group had some conscience. Let's see what happens with their next record. It's going to be like, damn, they was all over MTV last year. I didn't hear nothing about them this year. It looks like you failed, because most of the people that's watching don't know the game. You look like you're on top of the world, and next year, you ain't nothing. So it looked like you just took a nose dive. And that can kill a group, if you play into that game.

People try to play that game with me. See, I know that game; I'll take the long route. Don't give me the short route. I don't want to do that. They played "Good Day" all over the place, then they want me to play on the Rock and Jock basketball games. But, I'll play with my homeboys, you know, because those people don't love me. They don't love what I'm saying, and I know it. So before you take the gift of the devil, you've gotta see exactly what's in it for him.

Would you say that from the mid-'80s to now is the first time that young black men have had control over their public image?

No. Until we can control networks, movie studios, theaters, the only image that we really control is our image through rap. We are open people, so the hell that we're going through is all in the streets. The suburbs are going though hell, too, but you don't see it in the streets. But you go in the household, and it's hell inside the household. The streets look quiet, because white people are really not open, emotional people. Their neighborhoods reflect that. But if you go inside each door, each household is going through a crisis. The tripped thing about it is, they're going through a crisis, and they got all the damn money.

What do you think of that crisis—the dissatisfaction that's affecting not just black families but white families in particular?

In America, for any people to be powerful, they have to ride on the backs of the poor. How do you keep people poor? You keep them ignorant. So if you want people to be slaves, or have a slave mentality, you keep them from knowing those things that will set them free. That's the aim of the government, to keep people ignorant, and I think what you have is people fighting to gain some kind of knowledge of who they are and where they're going. It's like they're pushing down and we're pushing up. And we're going to meet somewhere in the middle, and I think that's what's tearing America up right now.

So pretty soon, it's got to change, because I can't see myself sitting on the back of nobody's bus. And my sons probably can't see themselves putting their hands up in the air when the police pull them over. If the government thinks they've got to worry about Ice Cube…it's that 14-, 15-year-old kid, who's buck wild and feels invincible—that's the one you've got to worry about. And the ones coming after him are going to be worse, until we have freedom, justice, and equality.

WHEN PARENTS ARE IN A POSITION TO TEACH THEIR KIDS, THEY DON'T. THEN THEY GET MAD WHEN RAPPERS ARE THE ONES TEACHING THEIR KIDS.

Given the realities of poverty in this country, that there are poor people who are white, who are Asian, who are Latino, do you think economic conditions could ever unify people? Do you think that there could ever be a unified movement of blacks and other oppressed people?

It could be, and it should be. But when it comes to oppressed people, the black man is always at the bottom of the totem pole. The closer you are to white, the more arrogant you are. A certain kind of arrogance is breeded into people. White folks are snotty towards black people. Orientals are snobby, all the way down the line, 'till you have lighter black folks more snobby than darker black folks. It comes all the way down the line to the blackest, blackest, blackest man, who everybody's an enemy of.

Once we learn how to love each other, then we can reach out for other people. But how am I going to help you build your house when mine's not finished? It don't make no sense. I think we have to stop looking for so much outside help, and start to help ourselves.



ON THE CORNER
"I wish we would build a wall around our community."

I really wish we would build a wall *{laughs}*—not a physical wall, but a wall around out community—till we get our thing together. It's like a football team just going straight to the line of scrimmage—no play, no huddle-up, no nothing. Just out there doing plays, running into each othet. You have to huddle up, get your shit togethet, and *then* you can go and attack the othet team with a play. We refuse to do that. We refuse to huddle up and get our shit together. Then we can challenge the world.

There was an article that we did in the magazine about Japan. Right now, Koreans in Japan are really treated badly. They have something that's almost the equivalent of a pass system. They make you take a Japanese name, and if you're Korean, there are certain jobs you're not eligible for. Just a lot of discrimination. And a lot of the kids are really big rap fans, because they say that they really identify with the oppression in the music. One kid said, even when you don't understand the words, you understand the feeling and the anger behind it.

Do you know what I think about that? If Japan is for the Japanese, I ain't got no problem with that. At all. Japan is fot Japanese. Korea is fot Koreans. Now, the ptoblem I have is, America is fot Ameticans. But they *tell* you that America is fot everybody. See, to me, that's worse. Because you're looking for something that you ain't nevet, evet going to get. If they said, "Look *{snaps his fingers}*, America is for white folks. Black folks, here's yours." I ain't got no problem with that. The problem is

America saying, "oh, this is love, the melting pot." But America is for fucking white Americans. Straight up—no ifs, ands, or buts about it.

I went to Japan. And in some places, it was like, ah, you can't come in here. I had no problem with that. Because I knew that, up front. They didn't disrespect me. Japan is for Japanese. You ain't going to come over here, you ain't going to get no Japanese job. But that's honest; what you see is what you get. What I hate is the motherfuckers sitting behind a desk at the record company, with a tie on. Bigger crooks than my homeboys. To me, that's worse. Deception is worse than the truth.

So if America is for white Americans, cool. But America owes us a spot, a piece of this country that should be just for black folks. And they ain't got to worry about me ever going into that part of the airport, to where they are. I'm content.

Let's change the subject a little bit. I want to talk about you as a family man. You got married. You had a son. You have another kid—a daughter, this time—on the way. You moved out of South Central. How do you think being a family man has changed your life?

It's made me more of a man. Not as reckless as I used to be. I thought I'd never move. Never, man—this is me, right here. But when you've got a family, and you've got motherfuckers going, "We're going to kidnap your wife," and you're in Baltimore...damn, how do I protect my family? youth—not only my own, but other youth— on how to keep out of this self-destructive cycle.

I think that people who just know your media image would be surprised that you're married. You have this image of being a raving misogynist. So I want to know what was it that you were looking for in a wife?

Somebody that was strong. Just like I hate yes-men, I hate yes-women. I hate that. Because I don't know everything, so I need somebody to tell me, "Yo, you're fucking up over here."

You always knew she'd be a sister?

A black woman?

Uh-huh.

Oh, please. Please. Man. Nothing but. White woman took me to the store one day, during a video shoot...I felt so uncomfortable, just riding in the car. Just terrible. It's true: the truth is true.

You mentioned yes-women. Do you think black women, in particular, have problems with self-esteem?

I think black *men* have problems with self-esteem. I think black women know what they want. And they make no bones about it, and they hold you up to that. But for black men, there's extra, added pressure. That's why black men are more likely to die of high blood pressure and all these types of things, because of all the pressure that comes from not being the man of your house—being a man, physically, but not mentally. I think that's why a lot of men beat their women, feeling like, "I'm not to break off and do their own thing. That's what our community has to do.

So ultimately, what you're talking about is the need for us to develop a value system that's not based on the materialistic, or sexist, or patriarchal, or racist ideas...

We need not just a value system, but a whole national system. We need to become a nation within a nation. We need to have our own *everything* inside this culture. That's how we survive. Because this world is the devil's world. You have to break from that, make a new reality, in your own way. And become something other than what this world is producing, which is shit, hell, destruction. And I trip off the preachers, because if this world is of the devil, you should be trying your damnedest to get away from this world. But you're trying to fit in, you want to be there with Clinton, shaking hands. What the hell is that?

A friend of mine was in this position recently, and I want to know what you think of it. She was in the car with her baby's father, and he was listening to The Chronic, *and she was like, "I don't really care when you play it in the house; I don't like it, but you have every right to play it. But around our daughter, I don't really think she should have to hear that." And he was like, "This is my experience, my reality, this is a part of where I come from, she should hear it." So I want to know, what are you going to do when your little girl comes, and she wants to know whether it's okay to play the year 2000's*

I AIN'T STUPID NO MORE. I KNOW THAT KILLING NIGGAS AIN'T GOING TO SOLVE MY PROBLEMS, SO I DON'T PUT THAT ON MY RECORDS NOW.

When you've got niggas driving by your house that you don't know: "Yo, Cube, man, come outside." So I said, let's get to a place where I'm not as popular. Or a place where nobody knows where I live.

I used to think, how could you make money and then move out? But it's like having a piece of meat in the jungle. All the lions and tigers want that piece of meat, too, 'cause they don't have none. So, what you've got to do is take your meat in your den, or your tree, or wherever you are and eat it. And then show everybody else how to get some meat, too. So you won't become prey, sitting in a land of predators. I used to be a predator, and I never want to be the prey, but that's how it is. You can't fight off everything.

My family made me more cautious. I'm old and I lock my doors and all that stupid stuff that I never used to do. But, you know, you got somebody that's your blood, that's your purpose on earth, so you want to make sure your offspring survives. Some people say, "I'm never having kids"—well, fool, your history stops right there. I want to be able to sit grandkids on my lap, and tell them stories about how it was: "They burnt the city down in 1992, or was it '93?" That type of thing. I want to be able to play with my kids. You know, if my kids start running with the gangs, I'm able to relate to the things that they're going to have to go through, so I'm cool with it. I think that's my purpose, to instruct the living up to what I am, and I can't take it out on the one that's oppressing me, so I'm going to take it out on a woman."

I think you're right—I think it is about lack of power. So what do you do? I know a lot of black women who are intelligent, and beautiful, and strong. And lonely as hell. Don't really want to date white men, you know, not trying to do that. I guess I'm asking how can we heal as a community if we can't come together and have positive relationships?

Well, I can't answer that. Um...damn. That's a heavy one *(laughs)*. The black man is going through a plight, and we are—oh, here we go: we are like children, the whole black community. Whatever the white man does, we want to do. Just like the child wants to do what the adult wants to do. And the white man disrespects his women on all levels.

So I think everything that he does, we do on a smaller level. Even killing each other. Yeah, we do Crips and Bloods, but then you look at Bosnia and Herzegovina. You take car-jacking, and then you take Panama—you know, country-jacking. He hates his woman, and he's been our only teacher for 437 years, so we hate our women. He erased all of our knowledge and replaced it with his own. And his own, evidently, is not good for us. We will continue to do what we've been taught, until we decide not to follow that way. Children follow their mother or father to a certain extent, and then they have *version of* The Chronic *or* AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted, *for that matter?*

Now, why would I shield my daughter from anything that I can explain to her, inside the house? Why would I say, "No, don't listen to that," so she can go outside and hear it with no explanation, nothing behind it but what people her age know about it? I'd rather pick my child's brain, to give her the right medicine, because I can shield her from it while she's in here, until she steps out that door. And nobody's shielded from nothing when they walk out the door. I don't shut the kids out from nothing they want to look at—nothing. *Def Comedy Jam*, nothing. They don't laugh at what we laugh about, because they don't understand. But just break it down to them.

When parents are in the position to teach their kids, they don't; and then they get mad when they got rappers teaching their kids, because the rappers don't shield the kids from nothing. The rappers tell them straight up. And that's really all the kids want to know. The kids don't need to know lies, they want to know the truth. Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny... how are kids going to grow up with that bullshit?

There's been a movement, internally, to address a lot of these things in black music, like sex and guns in lyrics. What do you think about that?

I've been saying this for years: You can't change the problem if you don't *got* a problem. If rappers

Lorillard 1994



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Ice Cube continued

didn't come out with "bitch" and "ho," we would still not be addressing that issue at all. Now, in 1994, we're starting to address that. If everybody comes to the conclusion that "bitch" and "ho" aren't appropriate for the community, they won't be used. Just like "Negro" is not used no more. It's not appropriate, it doesn't fit, it has no meaning. But until somebody brings that to the table—here's what's going on, here's what's happening—you're never going to address it. It's like, if your hair is messed up and I hold a mirror in front of you long enough, you're going to use a comb. That's our whole purpose.

You said earlier that there were people who say you got married and got soft. What do you say to those detractors when they say that your music isn't as hard as it used to be, that you lost your edge, that you're not as angry as you used to be?

I ain't as stupid, that's basically what it is. We hate ourselves so much that you ain't hard unless you're talking about, "I shot this nigga, I got 1,000 AKs, I killed 1,000 niggas." Motherfuckers would rather hear you say you killed 1,000 niggas than hear you say you smoked one devil. They love that more than they love themselves. So that's the only thing that's changed in my music: it's more focused. I know that killing a nigga down the street ain't going to solve none of my problems at all. And I don't put that into my records, unless I'm explaining a situation. I ain't stupid no more. And some people can't deal with that. Niggas are scared of evolution, niggas don't want to be free.

They're scared because with freedom, you have to make your own decisions. Freedom is responsibility. Shit, I live in my mama's house, cookies are there every day. Bam—you move out, ain't no more cookies in there, unless you put them in there. You're like, "Damn, I got to buy dishwasher liquid?" That's the responsibility you want to take to be free. These are scared Negroes, just like when slavery was over; yeah, you're free to go. Now what am I going to do? We sharecropped. Still a slave.

What would you say to someone who says, okay, you're married, you have two, five, maybe eight kids. You got a house, you got a car, you got a business…Cube is really living the American Dream.

It ain't no dream for me. You can't compare one man's wealth to a whole nation of poverty. If they foreclose on my house, I can't go to my bank and say, "White man, let me get a loan until next month. Give me $20,000." Until I can go to my people and get help out of any financial situation I'm in, there ain't nobody rich. I'm as poor as anybody else. I know how to get some money, and my duty is to show people around me how to get it, and how we all can get it.

So might that mean taking a step like directing feature films after all these videos you've worked on?

Yeah. Directing is cool, but I need to grow. I've been offered films to direct, but I'm not ready. I need to learn this game more. I'm going to be in this movie with John Singleton, *Higher Learning*. So I'll be looking over his shoulder the whole time. I never went to school, so I really want to sit and learn the game, and not just jump out there and be weak *{laughs}*. I don't want to do nothing weak. I want to make sure I win.

SARITA CHOUDHURY

CLIP

Hollywood's Child of India By Ipeleng Kgositsile

I have this thing about home training. About how bloods the world over seem to forget everything Mama taught them once they get a degree, a key, a title, or some ends. Or better yet, how they forget that before becoming a doctor, a hustler, a CEO, or an artist, they are human beings first and foremost. Sharing these feelings with Sarita Choudhury when we met four years ago is why we've been friends ever since. While I remember initially being struck by her raspy European accent and her disarming beauty, grit, and innocence, what truly impressed me as we ate desserts and sipped cappuccinos was her gift for giving good conversation. I found in one of India's children (by way of England, Jamaica, and Italy) a peculiar similarity to my being South African by way of exile.

Four years later, again over cappuccinos, I'm reminded of the same captivating qualities. We're discussing her most recent role, Pancha, in Bille August's rendition of Isabel Allende's Chilean family epic, *The House of the Spirits* (Miramax). The film, says Choudhury, is "a gem." What's disturbing, though, is that while the story is Latin American, the cast features Jeremy Irons, Meryl Streep, Glenn Close, and Winona Ryder in its primary roles. Typically, all the hookers, servants, farm workers, bugged-out soldiers, and women-to-be-raped are portrayed by "colored" folk: Maria Conchita Alonso, Antonio Banderas, and Sarita, to name a few.

Like most actors of color, Sarita is philosphical about Hollywood's typecasting: "You get a script, you're up for a role, you look at another one, and you think, mmmmm, I want to do *that* one." Then reality sets in. "You know you're not going to be considered for it. At the same time there's a part of you that just says, fuck them. If they can't have the imagination, then I'm not going to be the one to prove it to them." Fuck them.

In person, as she strolls through Manhattan's Upper West Side on a Sunday afternoon in an old black sweater, faded hot-pink jeans, and authentic army boots, Sarita isn't shy about expressing her free-spiritedness. On screen, it's reflected in her decision to portray the everyday realities of Asian women's lives (having sex, speaking up, wearing jeans) as opposed to the stereotypes (obedient, silent, traditional). The reason she made her film debut as the fiercely independent Mina opposite Denzel Washington in *Mississippi Masala*, was because she "knew it was time for Indian women to show something more." After making three films since, she says, "I'm just going into deeper and deeper waters"—from making love in *Masala* to playing a lesbian mother in futuristic New York in the upcoming *Fresh Kill*. "It's almost like you do something and you don't get into trouble, so you go further…that's what I think is amazing about people. There's something in you that has fun doing the shock thing but the innocent part is like, 'I'm sorry.'"

Clearly, the twentysomething actress has learned to use her craft to openly raise issues that are taboo in her culture. When a project is over, though, she immediately becomes her parents' child—especially her father's. "Forgive me, Mira," she says, referring to *Mississippi Masala* director Mira Nair, "but when we finished filming, I thought, 'I'm so glad I did this but can it not come out now?'" She thought her father would be embarrassed by the love scenes. But after the screening, he "came up behind me and braided my hair. We didn't even talk then." She pauses, cracks a smile. "I just remember thinking, he has done the most beautiful thing. It was the most symbolic gesture of an Indian father to an Indian daughter."

Especially an adult one. Even as a grown woman, Sarita hasn't forgotten she is Papa's little girl. As a fellow woman of the Third World diaspora, I haven't either. We both know full well that even if our main man's arm is resting on the stove, we'll be the ones boiling the kettle of water. It's a cultural thing—appreciating one's role in the family while also moving outside of it. Ultimately this—maintaining her sense of humanity—is why Sarita Choudhury is sure to blow up the spot as one of Mother India's few screen goddesses in the West.



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BLUE LIGHT
From *Mississippi Masala* to *The House of the Spirits* and the upcoming *Fresh Kill*, Sarita Choudhury is going into deeper waters.

pyrighted material

Two years ago, a hype-inflated Tevin Campbell wanted to be "bigger than Michael Jackson." Now, as he comes of age, the pop-soul prodigy has also come down to earth. But with a second album climbing the charts, he just may become the next king of pop after all. By Christian Wright

TEVIN 17

Tevin Campbell sits in the back of a white stretch limousine, incredulous that it doesn't have a CD player. He has to make do with his Discman; for now, the headphones stay on. On the way to the Black Entertainment Television headquarters in Washington D.C., Tevin's A&R babysitter gives him a package of Halls to soothe the sore throat that accompanies his chest cold.

Tevin's a bit out of sorts, worried that he won't be able to sing his Top 10 single, "Can We Talk," in front of the audience of *Teen Summit*, a weekly issue-oriented BET program. His younger brother Damario, who's made the trip from L.A. with Tevin, teases him and trades an inside joke. Seems to help more than the Halls. As the stretch pulls up to the BET studios, it causes a commotion amid the line of kids waiting to get in. There's considerable tittering and wide-eyed staring as Tevin walks the gantlet. When he's almost reached the door, a girl of about 14 exclaims in a shrill squeak, "Oooh! He look old!"

In fact, Tevin Campbell is now 17. Since the release of his debut album, *T.E.V.I.N.*, in 1991, the shadow of fuzz above his lip has turned into a quasi-mustache; he's traded in his school-boy jacket and tie for saggy jeans and Doc Martens; he's grown about a foot and a half into a lanky, sharp-boned promise of the man he'll one day be; and his voice is lower, richer, and no longer cracks. But *old?* "At this point," says Benny Medina, the senior vice-president of black music at Warner Bros. who originally signed Tevin, "he's matured. He's adjusting to being an old soul in a young body."

Even at age 12, when he was discovered, Tevin's vocal technique reached well beyond his years. And with it, so did expectations. "It's funny," says Quincy Jones who, with Medina, is Tevin's executive producer, "I met Tevin at 12. I remember meeting Aretha at 12, meeting Stevie at 12, and meeting Michael at 12. I understand 12-year-old singers now. If they're at that level, they get it early. They have the vision and the spirit."

When it became clear to Jones that, because of scheduling conflicts, he wasn't going to get Michael Jackson to record for his 1989 tour de force *Back on the Block*, he hired Tevin Campbell to sing on "Tomorrow (A Better You, Better Me)." Then, at Medina's urging, Prince recruited Tevin to record "Round and Round" for *Graffiti Bridge*. Tevin had two hit singles, produced by two of the biggest names in pop music, before he ever went into the studio to record his formal debut. And he was still only 14.

Of course, this led to lots of industry bleating about "the next Stevie Wonder" and "the next Michael Jackson." Which is a lot of pop-soul-prodigy pressure to put on an adolescent who'd been singing all his life but was never quite sure that it was what he wanted to do for a living. *T.E.V.I.N.*—a sweet, if confused, album of timid classroom daydreams and mature romantic yearnings—took over a year to record.

"It was horrible," Tevin says now. "I didn't have as much of a relationship with the songs and my voice was changing. I didn't have any control over it. I mean, one day it could be high and the next day it could be gone. And that's why we had to keep going back in and doing songs over."

The awkward tumult of adolescence didn't stop *T.E.V.I.N.* from selling: The single "Tell Me What You Want Me To Do" (an aching lover's plea) reached the pop Top 40, and the album is just short of the platinum mark. "Sometimes it takes an artist five albums to get to that level," says Jones. "You couldn't ask for a better debut at 14."

But all the "next whoever" hype may have done Tevin a disservice. As his album was selling steadily, his star was being eclipsed by such upstarts as Boyz II Men and Jodeci, whose nostalgic R&B sound spread like a flood. Tevin got a little lost in the harmonic swell. Medina says that "repertoire miscalculations" were part of the problem. "'Tell Me What You Want Me To Do' was a bizarre record for an adolescent to be singing," he says. "Tevin became an adult in music before he was ready." Then again, it also raised a few eyebrows in 1970 when Michael Jackson sang "I'll Be There" at age 12.

It is no coincidence that Tevin decided to title his new album *I'm Ready*. (He thought about calling it *Young, Gifted and Black*, but since he didn't end up recording the Aretha Franklin song of that name, it might have sounded just a bit presumptuous.) Tevin grew up south of Dallas in the black section of Waxahachie, Texas, with his mother Rhonda Byrd—now also his co-man-

STYLING BY JONATHAN SKOW. GROOMING BY CARILLO/CELESTINE. HAIR BY KATHARINA EMMHARDT. CLOTHING AND SHOES COURTESY OF AMERICAN RAG CIE

Photograph by Peggy Sirota



I'M READY
With a more mature voice and a Top 20 album, Tevin Campbell is nearing the end of the road from boy to man.

ager—who struggled to raise three children by herself. Tevin never knew his father, but sometimes he'd ask, "Where's Daddy?" Today, the answer is somewhere in Arkansas. "I talked to him once when I was three," says Tevin. "He said he was going to bring me a coat for Christmas, and he never came."

Tevin met his father for the first time when he was 15. "I wanted to meet him. It's not that I wanted to bond with him or have some sort of relationship, 'cause my mother raised all three of us on her own. I just wanted to meet him 'cause I had never met my father." When the day came, "he asked for an autograph and he asked my mother for money. It was just awful. But I respect him as my father. I don't love him. If he died right now, I wouldn't cry, because my mother was my father, you know?"

Rhonda Byrd sang at Jacob's Chapel, a Baptist church (though the family is Methodist) where she was known as "little Aretha." Tevin began singing gospel there, too, first in the choir and then as a soloist. To this day, his favorite album is Aretha Franklin's *Amazing Grace*. "If you were riding in my car with me," says Tevin, "I'd probably have my Aretha Franklin CD on." He and his mother started talking about the future. She counseled him not to waste his voice as she had.

One day, when Tevin was 12, a family friend had him sing into the telephone to a friend's sister—the jazz artist Bobbi Humphrey—in New York. She wasted no time setting up a showcase in Manhattan where Tevin sang the Donny Hathaway-Roberta Flack classic, "Where Is The Love," to an adult audience. Humphrey had the performance videotaped.

As soon as Benny Medina saw the tape, he flew to Texas to meet Tevin. "When I saw it, I thought of that famous tape of Michael Jackson auditioning for Berry Gordy," says Medina. "There was a purity in his voice and an incredible coolness on stage." The piano player had actually started "Where Is The Love" in the wrong key; Tevin turned around and gave an icy glare until the pianist corrected himself.

WHEN I FIRST MET MY FATHER, HE ASKED ME FOR AN AUTOGRAPH AND ASKED MY MOTHER FOR MONEY. IT WAS JUST AWFUL.

In Texas, Medina hung out with Tevin, met his mom, and went to church. That night, Karyn White was performing nearby. Medina asked Tevin if he wanted to go; it turned out Tevin was a major Karyn White fan. Medina called White. He said, trust me on this, there's this kid with an incredible voice Finally, she agreed to have Tevin sing a duet with her. At 12 years old, in front of 12,000 people, Tevin joined White on stage for "Love Saw It" (originally recorded with Babyface), completely unrehearsed and unflinching. And, as Medina puts it, "he just wrecked it." Medina signed Tevin shortly thereafter, then hooked him up with Quincy Jones and Prince.

That's an awful lot for a label to put on the line, even for such a promising talent. Why did Warner Bros. pull out the big guns for Tevin Campbell? Sure, he's a solid R&B singer, maybe even inspired. But that alone will barely get an artist through the door. The reason, of course, is his age. With that comes the inevitable comparison to Michael Jackson—the former child star who grew up (in a manner of speaking) to produce the biggest-selling album of all time—and the irresistible urge to try to mold a successor to that throne.

In the making of a child star, the potential for profit can be dizzying; there's nothing that can match the universal appeal of and fascination with teenagers blessed with precocious talent. But the cost to the kid—hurled into an adult world of limousines, late nights, and lots of cash before coping with acne—is immeasurable. Think of Judy Garland or, for that matter, Drew Barrymore, a recovering cross-addict at 14. Ultimately, as Jackson himself has said, the cost to a child can be childhood.

Tevin's keepers are determined to spare him. Both Jackson and Stevie Wonder were touring incessantly at the age of 12; Tevin didn't tour at all, apart from promotional appearances, to support his first album (there will, however, be an extensive *I'm Ready* tour). While some acts, like Kris Kross, are sold as novelties, and others, like the Fresh Prince, are turned into cottage industries, Tevin refuses to be marketed as anything but a young man who can sing. His mother, whom he describes as a "very strong-willed woman," insists that interviews and photo shoots be scheduled on weekends so he doesn't miss any school. "My one main concern with Tevin," says Medina, "is not to let show business rob him of a life. It's a matter of not overprotecting him and allowing him the freedom any kid would have. He's not reluctant to jump from the stage and get in a car with his friends and drive to the desert."

At 17, Tevin may be past the danger zone. In '91, he told the *Los Angeles Times*, "I wish I was a big star right now, bigger than Michael Jackson. I'd like to be the biggest 15-year-old star in the whole world." Today, he talks about going to a black university to study computer science. "A lot of people say I don't need a college degree," he says. "But what if I *do* need one one day?"

But even if he's scaled back his personal ambitions, his record company still isn't messing around with amateurs. On *I'm Ready*, Babyface coproduced three tracks with Daryl Simmons, while Narada Michael Walden and Prince each contributed four. Tevin actually wanted Prince to produce the whole album, but it didn't work out; says Tevin, "he's greedy, and he knows it."

This time, Tevin had much more control, vocally and creatively. He discussed ideas with each producer so they'd come up with songs and emotions he could relate to. "If I can't feel it, I can't live it," he says. From the innocence of "Can We Talk" to the social outrage of "Uncle Sam," *I'm Ready* is Tevin Campbell's coming of age.

Particularly on the smooth ballads, he shines. At the end of "Can We Talk," his voice soars, then flutters like a feather in a light breeze. Against a wistful synthesizer arrangement on the unrequited love song "What Do I Say," he jumps octaves and uses gospel melismas to turn one syllable into five. And in his euphoria on "Brown Eyed Girl" —which he cowrote with Walden—he does sound a bit like Stevie Wonder. "He has a classic voice," says Babyface. "In recording, he sings what he naturally feels. It's all him. That doesn't happen very often; that's why he's so special."

For fans, the steamier Prince songs might be a surprise. On the carnival tune "The Halls of Desire," Tevin sings in a Princely growl, "door number 3 is a good one...Open it up and you'll find you'll be against a wall/In a slow sexy grind." Even racier is "Shhh": In a breathy, sexy drawl, Tevin sings, "I'd rather do you after school like some homework/Am I gettin' you hot?" Originally, he didn't want to record the song. "I don't like moaning and groaning in the studio," says Tevin. "You know, it's uncomfortable." He and Prince made an agreement: Everyone had to be kicked out of the studio, the lights had to be off, and the curtains had to be drawn so no one could see him. Makes sense for someone who lets out little whoops of laughter in conversation and uses "oh my goodness" as an exclamation.

"Uncle Sam" may be the most personal song on the album. Written by Prince, it's an angry rant about how America has forsaken the young black man. "It was my idea," says Tevin. "I asked Prince to write about how the African American male is viewed in American society. A lot of people didn't think I was aware of that, or that I didn't experience racism." In Waxahachie, though, blacks lived in one neighborhood, whites in another, and Latinos in another. Each group kept to itself. But the town was so small, everyone went to the same school. "And that's where it blew up," says Tevin. "Nigger" and "monkey" weren't uncommon greetings. "But I know all whites are not like that," he says. "My mother educated me on that type of thing."

Tevin and his family now live in Encino, California (sadly, for irony's sake, not on the same postal route as the Jacksons). Tevin drives his new dark green Toyota Landcruiser to a private school in Sherman Oaks, where he's a senior. He hangs out with a couple of friends from South Central, doesn't really date much, listens to a lot of Aretha. Occasionally, he makes a record. The contrast is a large part of his appeal. As one member of the *Teen Summit* cast puts it, "He's like the boy next door," and for once, it doesn't sound like a cliché.

After the BET taping, there's time to stop at McDonald's before heading to the airport. The limousine pulls up to the drive-through window. As Tevin rolls down his window, the cashier gets a look and cries, "Oh. My. God." Tevin laughs and says, "How you doin'?" At the food pick-up window, same thing. Oh. My. God. Tevin's flustered by the adulation. Mumbling into his Chicken McNuggets with barbeque sauce, he says, "I'm just a singer."

Christian Wright is a senior writer at Allure.

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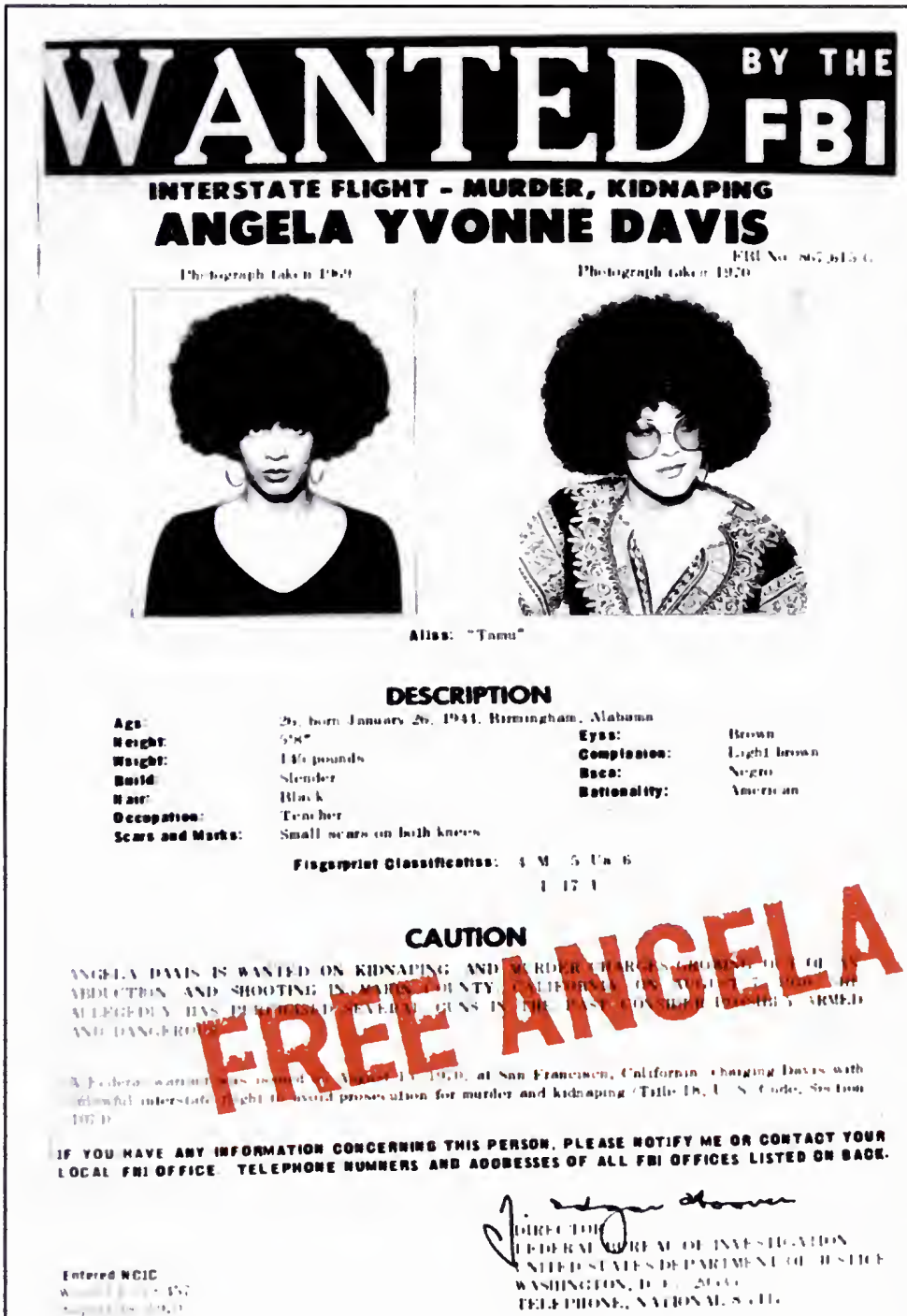
Just You Wait.



Black satin shirt by Jeffrey Costello; glasses by Early Halloween.

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(Left) Black scoop neck top by Jan y Carlos; (Right) Dashiki top at Cheap Jack's; glasses by Cutler and Gross.



DAVIS, ANGELA YVONNE
Political activist, author. **PERSONAL:** Born January 26, 1944, Birmingham, AL; daughter of B. Frank Davis and Sallye E. Davis. Charged with murder, kidnapping and criminal conspiracy in August, 1970, shortly after Jonathan Jackson, brother of George, smuggled guns registered in Angela Y. Davis's name into a Marin County courtroom in San Rafael, California, and armed three black convicts with said guns, taking as hostages a judge, an assistant district attorney, and three women jurors. The judge died in the abduction, along with Jackson and two of the three convicts who participated in the escape. Angela Y. Davis sought by the authorities nationwide, and placed on "10 Most Wanted" list by the FBI. Abducted in New York motel on October 13, 1970. Extradited to California two months later and kept in maximum security imprisonment at Marin County Jail; later shifted to jail in Santa Clara County. Acquitted of all criminal charges, June 4, 1971. **EDUCATION:** Sorbonne, University of Paris, 1963-1964; Brandeis University, B.A. (magna cum laude), 1965; University of Frankfurt, graduate study, 1965-1967; University of California at San Diego, M.A., 1968, graduate study, 1968-69. **CAREER:** assistant professor, University of California at Los Angeles, 1969-70; professor, San Francisco State University and San Francisco Art Institute, 1969-70; professor, History of Consciousness, University of California, Santa Cruz, currently. **ORGANIZATIONS:** Founder/co-chairperson, National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression; national board of directors, National Political Congress of Black Women; national board member, National Black Women's Health Project; Che-Lumumba Club; Phi Beta Kappa; Black Panthers; former member of Central Committee, Communist Party, U.S.A. **HONORS/AWARDS:** Lenin Peace Prize, USSR, 1979; Lenin University, Ph.D.; vice presidential candidate for the Communist Party, 1980, 1984. **SPECIAL ACHIEVEMENTS:** Author of numerous works, including: *If They Come in the Morning: Voices of Resistance*, 1971 (with Ruchell Magee, the Soledad Brothers et al.); *Angela Davis Speaks*, 1971; *Angela Davis: An Autobiography*, 1974; *Women, Race, and Class*, 1981; *Women, Culture, and Politics*, 1989; numerous articles. **BUSINESS ADDRESS:** Angela Davis, Author/Activist/Scholar, c/o History of Consciousness Program, University of California, Santa Cruz, CA 95064.

...with Cynda Williams, star of Spike Lee's *Mo' Better Blues*, Carl Franklin's *One False Move*, and the upcoming PBS series, *Tales of the City*.

Photographs by Albert Watson

STYLING BY PATTY WILSON; STYLING ASSISTANT, JOHN HULLUM. HAIR BY TREVOR FOR ELIZABETH WATSON. MAKEUP BY GIANA FOR THE STEPHEN KNOLL SALON, NYC.

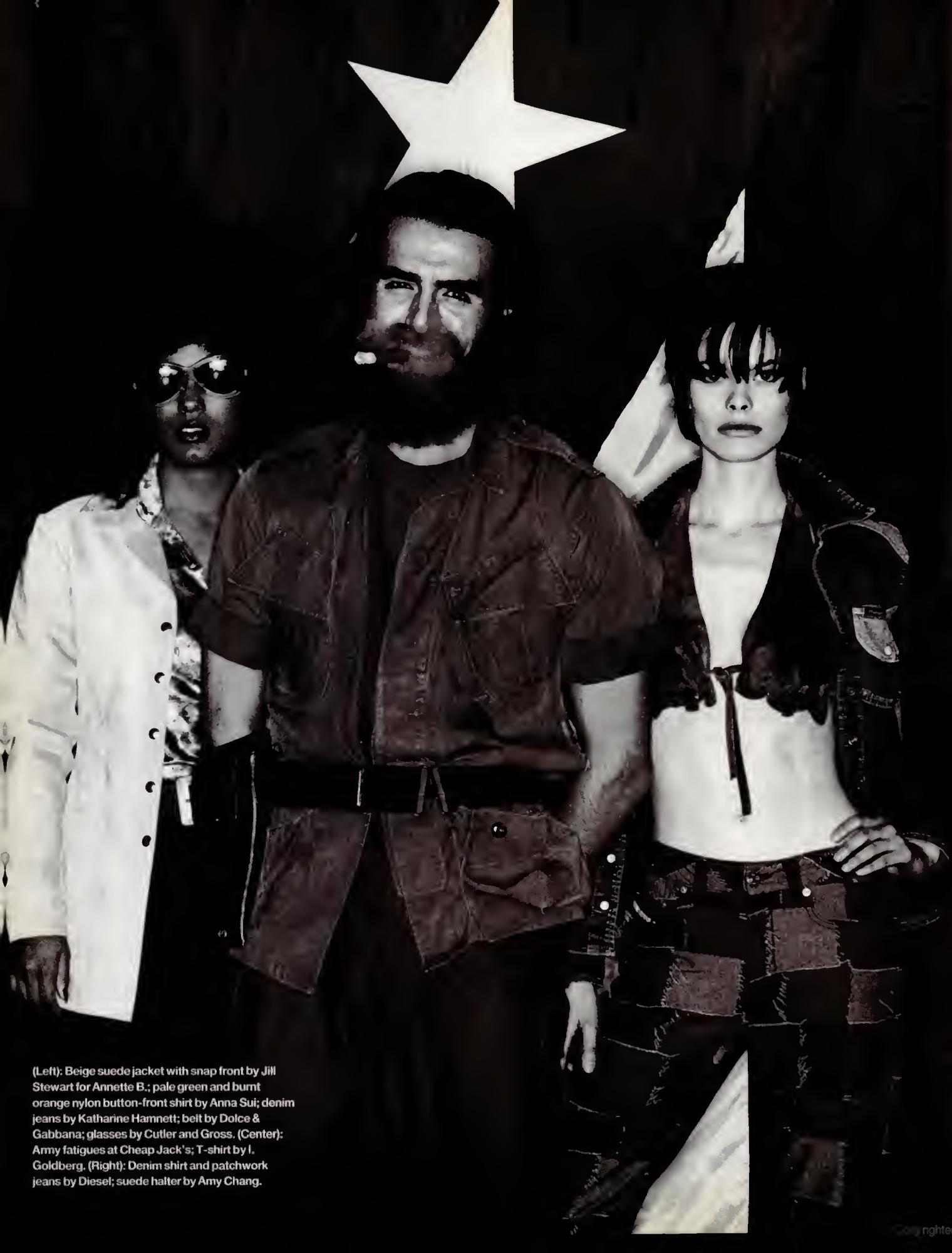


Ensemble by Anna Sui.



Ensemble by Anna Sui.

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(Left): Beige suede jacket with snap front by Jill Stewart for Annette B.; pale green and burnt orange nylon button-front shirt by Anna Sui; denim jeans by Katharine Hamnett; belt by Dolce & Gabbana; glasses by Cutler and Gross. (Center): Army fatigues at Cheap Jack's; T-shirt by I. Goldberg. (Right): Denim shirt and patchwork jeans by Diesel; suede halter by Amy Chang.

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(Left) Black leather jacket and army camouflage pants at Cheap Jack's; black ribbed turtleneck by Gap; boots at Early Halloween; beret by I. Goldberg; glasses by Ray Ban. (Second from left) Black leather suit by Jill Stewart; pinstripe Henley by APC; boots by Stephane Kélian (Second from right) Black leather jacket at Cheap Jack's; shirt and sweater vest by Paul Smith; Converse at Screaming Mimi's; black leather pants by Agnès b. (Right) Black leather coat by Anna Sui; striped cropped top by Complice; black leather flared pants by Agnès b.



Black stretch jersey dress with bell sleeves by Sophie Xerub; gloves by La Crasia; glasses by Ray Ban for Optic Zone.



White leather coat at Cheap Jack's; black turtleneck sweater by Joseph Tricot for Yati; glasses at Early Halloween.

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If you don't think your tastes change, let's think back to that haircut senior year.



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RAVE NEW WORLD
From Richmond to Los Angeles, from Rotterdam to London, techno has become a universal language.

TECHNO PRISONERS

Weaned on MTV and Nintendo, the new 'lost generation' dances to a frenetic, dysfunctional beat. Kiki Mason *reports from the white-hot center of their rage against the machine.*

Stefan Mills doesn't read the paper or watch the 11 o'clock news. He is trying to read more books, even though they're hard to get into sometimes. He's not into movies or sports on TV. Stefan, like a lot of kids his age, just wants to rave, anywhere and anytime he can.

Stefan, who is 19 and lives in Richmond, Virginia, had a great summer at the beach. During the day he worked on the boardwalk, making spray-painted T-shirts for the tourists. Ten bucks an hour. All of his friends were there and they partied every night. If none of the local clubs had pulled together a techno event, Stefan and his friends would invade someone's apartment, take it over, and thrash until the police came or the owner kicked them out. Sometimes they strapped a sound system onto a tree known locally as "the techno tree." They would stay up all night, dance or hang out, watch the stars, and get loaded. While Stefan admits to eating a lot of LSD this past summer, he says that he is not the worst by far. "If you want to see someone eating a lot of Red Cross acid," he says, "you need to meet my friend Blue. Blue was eating it every day for a while, and sometimes he'd take a second hit when he started to come down. When you do that, the second hit doesn't last as long, but you get twice as high. Finally I said to him, 'Dude, you've got to cut down.'"

Raveland, a megarave planned for a Saturday night and Sunday at a warehouse in D.C., was supposed to be last summer's big deal. Forty-nine DJs—including Doc Martin, Adam X, and Frankie Bones—were scheduled to spin in the "Death Zone" for hardcore fans, at "Planet Trance" for the neo-hippies, and in a "Tranquility Bass" chill-out room. Live performers were to include Altern 8 and EON, two of the most successful techno bands around. Video projections were shipped in from Miami, along with lasers, through a transportation network from 23 cities as far west as Madison, Wisconsin, and as far north as Bangor, Maine. Stefan's "family" put together a big caravan for the weekend, purchasing their tickets in advance. When they arrived at the scene, a mess was waiting.

The promoters had done everything perfectly—except to get the right permits. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, the bus convoys were rolling in, and most of the DJs and performers were there. "It was like, nothing happening," Stefan says, "there were several thousand kids hanging out in the street." Though the promoters finally got Tracks—a mostly gay nightclub—to rent them the space after 4 a.m., Stefan says it was beat. "If you're pulled together, a lot of kids will go," he continues. "It seems like a lot of people who are organizing these things don't know what they're doing. They spend a lot of time booking the DJs

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIES AND DAVIES PRINTS BY METRO

or worrying about the lights, and then they don't get the permits or forget to promote it. It's really fucked up when you're anticipating a rave and it bombs. The Raveland thing was the worst."

Stefan has a nuclear rave family connected to an extended group. "Raving is one big family," he says. "Everyone is in the family. You have a small circle of people you really trust, though, because most of the kids you meet can talk a good game, like, 'Oh yeah, we're all here together,' but underneath they're full of shit. I trust very few people on the scene. They're fun to hang out with, but there are only a handful who I would call real friends." The extended family puts together a caravan almost every weekend and heads for D.C. or Baltimore, where there are large raves at a variety of locations. Stefan's favorite place, Fever, is in Baltimore. The club plays a lot of acid trance, a techno offshoot which has exploded in the past few months. Trance music is slower than hardcore, with long repetitive rhythms that are oddly soothing and spacey. "The only thing I don't like about a caravan," he says, "is when you want to go home and everyone else doesn't. After eight hours I'm pretty beat, and the other caravaners want to stay until the afternoon. And you know, no one looks too good in the sunlight the next day."

Stefan's family has looked into the possibility of putting on their own rave in Richmond, but the up-front costs—which can reach as high as $40,000—are daunting. "I can't even imagine where we'd come up with that much," he says. "I'm always amazed by these little kids who front raves. Their parents must be rich or crazy or both." Last year Stefan's family would hang out at some of the Richmond clubs on techno nights. "Tuesday at the Floodzone was the coolest, because it was only insiders, people who were really into the scene." Things seemed slow when he returned from the beach in the fall, until he began to notice small flyers announcing a rave, a real rave, scheduled for this upcoming weekend. The flyers listed eight DJs, mostly from D.C. and Baltimore, plus a couple of live techno bands. The location was unannounced, causing ripples of excitement. Of course Stefan's planning to go, but he still can't imagine anyone throwing a real rave in Richmond. Says Stefan: "It's just too beat."



Don't expect Stefan Mills to cheer when techno hits the Top 40; it's his scene, and he wants to keep it that way.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELAINE ELLMAN

Some people define techno by the number of beats per minute, strictly classifying it as music with over 150 bpm. Some call it a cybernetic, electronic-sounding offshoot of house, noting that the early industrial music of the '80s mostly came from Detroit, before anyone had even coined the term techno. Mention the word to anyone over 25 and they'll probably run. Anyone younger, it seems, has been to a rave.

Most of the first techno imports came out of Belgium in the late '80s, and, depending on who you asked, were "hypnotic" or "boring," with their simplicity and sheer noise. Raves, the huge countryside parties which could easily attract 20,000 or 30,000 in Europe, had a hard time getting over in the States. Californians, of course, adopted and Americanized the concept, rounding up thousands of teenagers for all-weekend open-air bacchanalia at amusement parks on the East Coast or out in the desert on the West. The music is now a slippety, ravenous amoeba, constantly devouring and splitting off into new genres. While the stereotype of techno is hard, fast, pulsing, and clanky, the DJs who run this scene are completely unpredictable: They play jungle, or tribal, with primal beats and wailing wordless vocals; trance, a spacey, soft, hypnotic form; and ambient, which uses lush, symphonic orchestration to envelop the listener in emotional palettes. While the music may seem to say nothing, it actually says everything about the younger sisters and brothers of "Generation X."

Like hip hop, techno marks a radical break from the rock 'n' roll tradition of live instruments and singers and replaces them with DJs, producers, digital samplers, and drum machines—except this time it's white suburban kids who are shattering the molds. This is a generation that has kept company with machines: Nintendo and computer notebooks at home, video games at the mall, and Game Boy and CD Walkmans on the go have replaced the parents who—either through divorce or career necessity—aren't around. As one 13-year-old girl put it, "I just don't like getting sentimental about the past." Without the conventional means of human support, ravers have taken the anarchy of punk, the technology of hip hop, the mechanics of industrial, and the tribalism of disco, fed it into a machine, sped it up, and cranked out something only they could relate to so they could relate to each other. As a rave promoter in Dallas said, "Techno is making dance music cool for white kids. It's a way for a white kid who's basically bound for college and the system to express his anger."

Still, ravers just don't *seem* angry, as if they create their hollow utopias to forget who they're angry at. This benign escapism has played well on the evening news over the past year: extra, *extra* large clothes; teddy bears and Smurfs; pacifiers and pajamas; Big Bird, smiley faces, and the designer drug Ecstasy—here was a new youth subculture trying to re-create not a particular past era, but childhood *itself*. The average 17-year-old grew up with Michael Jackson and Ronald Reagan—childlike icons both—looming large in their lives. The ravers didn't drink much, seemed more than a little scared of sex, and had no apparent plans to change the world or overthrow anything. Unlike kids from, say, the hip hop and grunge undergrounds before them, ravers were nonthreatening and made for easy sound bites, blithely admitting to drug use on camera. In the rush to deadline, the media pushed aside the working-class kids who had originally embraced industrial music to cover those whose parents dropped them off at the rave in the family Volvo. Since techno was already ensconced in San Francisco, the connection to the infamous "Summer of Love" in 1967 seemed secure: This would be the "Summer of Rave." The build-up continued throughout the spring, even making the cover of *Newsweek*. A spread inside on the brave new world of cyberpunk somewhat arbitrarily connected the scene to William Gibson novels and computer networks. After RAVEAMERICA in L.A. the year before, getting 20,000 kids out in force didn't seem so hard.

But it turned out that techno couldn't be so easily packaged for mass consumption, having neither recognizible stars nor a mandate to be "large." Like Raveland, the grand Lollapalooza-like raves planned for the East Coast this past summer almost universally bombed, while the small, weekly events, like NASA and Caffeine in New York and the warehouse parties in L.A., were packed. Stormrave, the promotional arm of Groove records, could still pull 5,000 kids into a warehouse in Brooklyn on a dime, and two recent raves at the Coliseum in Manhattan pulled even more. Now, with each of the major labels adding at least one or two acts to their rosters, the techno sound finally seems poised to cross the commercial threshold. But don't expect kids like Stefan to cheer when techno hits the Top 40; it's their scene, and they want to keep it that way.

Richmond is known as the capitol of the Confederacy, and outsiders usually assume that not much has happened here since it fell. The streets are lined with antebellum row houses and mansions, and the city seems, if nothing else, an outdoor museum filled with statues and memorials to the southern dead. During the civil rights battles of the '60s, "Richmond" did not ring the same bells as, say, Montgomery or Birmingham, but there were violent struggles there nonetheless. While the legal barriers are gone, de facto segregation remains: even Douglas Wilder, who became the country's first elected black governor in 1990, lives in a Buppie enclave. Besides Civil War monuments, the tourist attractions include the Philip Morris plant, the Virginia Museum of Fine Art, and the Jefferson Hotel, a turn-of-the-century southern gothic

monstrosity with a staircase right out of *Gone With the Wind*.

Underneath this placid veneer, however, the familiar pattern of urban American life is evident. Richmond, a native will tell you, is the gun capitol of the South, and the James River has become a major drug entry point. A few years ago, Richmond's per capita murder rate was among the top five in the United States, and still remains in the top 15 today. Streets are either "good" or "bad," and can change within a matter of months. During my four-day stay, for example, three people were shot in their parked cars near Virginia Commonwealth University. The daughter of a friend reports that last year her school was invaded by neo-Nazi skinheads who terrorized teachers and students, spray-painting swastikas and beating up anyone who got in the way. They were never caught.

Stefan's apartment is in a section of Richmond known as the Fan, which encompasses the campus of VCU, where he is a freshman majoring in art. When I check the mailbox for his apartment number, I find that the lock is broken and mail is overflowing. The music is so loud in the apartment, at first no one hears my knocking. Finally a smallish boy wearing a stocking cap opens the door and scuttles away. Four boys are seated in the living room. One of them is very clean-cut and blond, like a character out of *Porky's*. Another kid with a baggy cap on his head is holding a joint, not quite sure whether to offer me some or put it out. They are sitting around the coffee table, a black lucite cube with an eerie flourescent light glowing in the middle. A kid with blond near-dreadlocks steps forward. He is Stefan.



At Richmond's Metro, "everyone's a cartoon character trying to look weird."

Later, at the Village Green, the local coffee shop, he tells me that his friends were surprised by my age and my non-rave attire. "We just can't imagine anyone over 30 being into this," he says. Stefan explains his rave family to me. He grew up with Craig, the clean-cut blond. Blue, the boy in the baggy cap, is, at 21, the oldest member of the group. "You should talk to him," Stefan says, "he's really been around. Blue was living on his own at 16." Kenny, the one who let me in, is a recent inductee into the family. "Kenny is sort of like Blue's child," he explains. "He was a kid who ran around in a kilt and purple hair, kind of a punk, until Blue took him under his wing. Blue showed him how to dress and encourages him on the dance floor." I will meet the others on Saturday night at the rave. Stefan has heard that it's happening somewhere on the campus of the University of Richmond, which surprises him. "It's in the West End," he says, the swankiest part of town. "It's a school for the rich kids, real conservative. I can't imagine them letting a rave go on."

Stefan answers questions about his past cheerfully but with reserve. His parents were divorced when he was six, and his mom moved back to a part of Richmond known as Highland Springs. "People live there because it's cheap," someone tells me later. "The houses are not much and the planes from the airport fly over. It's blue-collar, twice up from a trailer park." Stefan says it's the kind of place where a guy would drive around in a souped-up pickup truck with a gun, a dog, and a bad haircut. He went to Highland Springs High, where the vagaries of busing turned the school 75 percent black overnight. Craig and Kevin—another childhood friend of Stefan's who is now his roommate—opted out, leaving him alone to deal with the change. "All of a sudden I was a minority," Stefan says. "I had to make a big adjustment. Art really saved my ass. I'd been drawing and making things with clay ever since I was five or six. I had this great art teacher who took care of me. When she transferred to another school my senior year, I was allowed to study with her in the afternoon."

Growing up, his mom was his best friend, even though she was always busy working. His dad, who has since remarried three times, is an architect who lives in a "nice" house. "I hate my dad," he says, matter-of-factly. "We've never had a relationship. He's always let his wives push him around. For years I only saw him, like, on holidays and my birthday, and even then he would stand at the front door, hand me a present, and leave. I always felt like it was Mom and me against the world." At one point during high school, Stefan decided to leave his mom and live with his dad, but it didn't work out. Last year when he was in art school, his dad offered to let Stefan live in the basement if he fixed it up. When Dad's fourth wife objected, he left a note on the door asking Stefan to move in 24 hours. "I had a nervous breakdown," he recalls. "I lost 30 pounds. Finally these two black guys took me in. They were scholarship brains, but it just didn't work out. This year I decided to move in with Kevin."

The next day, I meet him back at his apartment before school. There is Astro-Turf in the kitchen and a Soloflex in a corner of the dining room next to a sculpture with bicycle reflectors and condoms on it. In the living room, a television set encased in tubes and gears sits under a black acrylic ctoss with a clown face. "That's Jesus," he tells me. "That's what Jesus looks like to me."

We walk a few blocks to the VCU campus for Psychology 101 ("It's just like a rave. Plus we get to see gory live brains," Stefan says). All of the buildings there could just as easily be hospitals, prisons, or government bureaus. The students wear generic urban gear: baggy jeans, sweats, baseball caps. The electronic monitors in the commons offer a nighttime escort service for those concerned with safety, and announce a Christian campus crusade scheduled for 5:30 this afternoon.

Psych is a lecture coutse with about 170 kids. Everything at the school is ultra-new, and the audiovisual effects for the lecture are dazzling. There is a huge screen for ptojections and a dozen TV monitors hanging from the ceiling. The effect is *Star Trek* goes to college.

After class, we have lunch with Craig, a good ol' boy updated, in the commons. "I've known Craig since I was six," Stefan says later. "He is the best person to have a good time with. But Kevin is my soulmate, he's the only person I can tell things to. Craig is into raving because I do it. I think he's trying to stay connected to me. He's just as happy at a frat party. In fact, I keep most of my friends separate. Craig's crazy, though. He'll take off his clothes and dance on a table at the drop of a hat." While we're playing pool after lunch, Craig forgets for a second that there's company, starts to tell a racist joke, and then bites his tongue.

After lunch, Stefan takes me to his freshman English survey course, which has been a battleground for multiculturalism over the past decade. Although African litetature and sections of the Koran have been added, today the 50-ish professor is dissecting Homer's *Odyssey*. Stefan is desperately trying to keep up with his notetaking, when the professor interrupts a discussion of free choice to explain why he became a Republican after Jimmy Carter messed up the country in the 1970s.

Outside of class we meet Heather, a redhead who is part of Stefan's extended rave family. Stefan says she, unlike some of the ravers, is a real person. He's infatuated with her best friend Selena, but the two girls are often monopolized by Paul and Travis, whom Stefan characterizes as techno jocks. When their names are brought up, he snorts derisively, "They could care less about raving. They just want to pick up girls and show off."

Stefan still has his art studio in a spare room of his father's basement, and he asks if I'd like to go see it. We drive over, and on the way into the beautifully restored 19th-century townhouse, Stefan unexpectedly bumps into his father, a mild-mannered man with thick gray hair,

WITH EXTRA, *EXTRA* LARGE CLOTHES, TEDDY BEARS AND SMURFS, PACIFIERS AND PAJAMAS, RAVERS TRY TO RE-CREATE NOT A PARTICULAR PAST ERA, BUT CHILDHOOD ITSELF.

wire-rimmed glasses, and a neat mustache. He is possessed of the prescribed yet gracious manners of a southern gentleman. Their conversation is formal, stilted. His dad tells me within five minutes of our meeting that he doesn't make a lot of money. Later, Stefan says, "My dad always manages to bring up his supposed financial condition in front of my friends." Then he adds, shuddering, "I've never hugged him. I just can't imagine it." I ask him how most of his rave friends view their parents. "For most of them," he replies, "parents provide a bedroom, money, and food. But they're not connected." Stefan's mom pays for almost everything—apartment, tuition, car—with few rules or strings attached. "She's cool, she knows I'm probably going to do drugs and drink. She just asked me not to deal, or drive when I'm using."

Back at the apartment, Kevin is getting ready to work all night at a place called Hooters, where he barbacks. Kevin works six nights a week and doesn't go to school. I ask them if they have a lot of sex. Both of them laugh and shake their heads yes. "Craig and I used to go out and have contests," Stefan says, "who could get picked up faster, how many offers we could get in a night. Craig even talked this girl . . . well, she was a sicko, but he talked this girl into making a video with him." Kevin adds, "Girls throw themselves on you. They think that if you sleep with them, you'll be their boyfriend, which isn't the case." Stefan interrupts, "I'm always surprised by how many girls don't want me to use a condom. They're like, you don't need that with me." He shakes his head in amazement. "I wonder what's going on in their minds."

Stefan has only ever had one girlfriend. He takes her picture from his wallet, a snapshot of them at the prom. "I think the only reason it happened," he says, "is that she was way into me. She would do whatever I wanted, and just wanted to be there for me. She had these dumb girl habits that got on my nerves, though. She was really smart but she couldn't park her car. It just got to me." Also in Stefan's wallet are pictures of himself, Craig, and Kevin as little kids at a birthday party and at 18 with their shirts off, displaying muscled bodies. "When I first started raving, at the end of high school," he says, "I looked all wrong. Some of the kids were kind of snotty to me, like, what are you doing here? In the techno world it's better to look a little weird like Blue. He's got his look down."

It's Saturday afternoon, and we hear on the rave line that the original space has fallen through, and the rave will have to be moved to a club. Stefan had been feeling run-down, but by 6 p.m. he is revved back up as his rave family descends on the apartment, and a large pot party set to a trancy beat kicks off the festivities. Megan, his girlfriend of the month, has arrived from her college in the western part of the state. They met at a rave this past summer. She is beautiful, with dark brown hair and a taut, supple body. And although she is the only girl in the room, the boys pay her little attention. Everyone is zoning out, so I ask Blue to tell me his story. Originally from one of the wealthier suburbs of New Jersey, he split from home at 16, but moved back in with his parents when his father was transferred to Virginia. Blue says he started a business in New York with $50,000 in cash, that he was a colorist at a salon in East Harlem, and that he owned a house in the East Village. "Blue makes this shit up," Stefan says later. "He's a social misfit. If the attention is focused on him, he's fine, but if I take him to a party with other kinds of people, he doesn't blend in. He's like an elitist. A lot of the rave kids are like that."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ELAINE ELLMAN

The family sits: (from left) Stefan, Kevin, Blue, and Megan at Stefan's place.

An hour later, Megan is done up in braids with daisies ar the ends, a whire midriff, and bell bottoms. She has false eyelashes on and is dancing wildly. The music is pumping a lot harder now, and everyone is wandering aimlessly through the apartment. Cabell, who goes to college in Newport News, is there, along with a pre-op transsexual named Piphany. Piphany goes to raves all over the country and knows all of the New York club kids. She works in the bookstore at VCU. The boys take turns dancing, warming up for the night. Blue and Kenny seem to be involved in something else, first talking on the phone, then running out to a cash machine. They will meet us later at the rave.

The Metro, a squat, three-story building in a seedy neighborhood, is one of the oldest clubs in Richmond. The name has changed several times over the years, but the grungy decor hasn't. The promoter, Derek, is at the door, chewing his lower lip to birs and saying repeatedly, "I'm stressing." He had originally planned to throw the rave in the basement of the drama department at the University of Richmond. When school officials found out, they "freaked," but Derek managed to quickly move the event to the Metro. He's pulled in a solid lineup of DJs and a couple of live acts—no one famous, like Moby or Keoki, but good nonetheless. As we enter, the kids are hanging back, finding the corners of the room, and already starting to sway. "This place isn't big enough," Stefan says. "Usually half the fun of a rave is exploring the space. You designare a spor as your family place and check in with each other throughout the night." The "space" is a black hole, minimally lit, with pool tables and a bar in back serving juice, Jolt cola, and Mello Yello, the southern version of Mountain Dew.

"Everyone is a cartoon character at the rave," says Stefan, "trying to look weird. I call them the *Cat in the Hat* kids." Most raves are set up with separate areas: a main dance floor devoted to either hardcore or tribal music; a space for the druggy trance music, which is also fasr, but sofrer; and a chill-out room. Since that isn't possible here, the music is all dance, alternating between electronic jungle rhythms and heavy industrial sounds. The crowd is mostly white, with more boys than girls. There are kids from the West End, obviously slumming, and several groups of frat boys, each dancing in a circle. Most of the dancers seem asexual, and frequently change spots on the floor, continually losing themselves in reverie before snapping back to reality.

Most of the boys dance alone, showing off their fluid, hip hop-inflected moves for each other. Blue, Cabell, and Stefan are stars, but Paul and Travis are truly incredible. And the competition is fierce. "They can only dance for a little while," Stefan sneers. "They have no staying power. All of the girls I know are mad at them, because they date them and drop them." An impish girl with boundless energy moves around the dance floor, egging everyone on. A group of kids with straws seem to be snorting something at the pool table, but it turns out they're eating sticks of sugar powder. The smell of Vicks VapoRub is everywhere; Megan explains it provides an extrasensory kick to Ecstasy. "You put it on a surgical mask and wear it for awhile," she says. "It goes whoosh up your sinuses." Megan also points out a group carrying small vibrators, which they rub up and down their arms. "They just want to feel something."

By 4 a.m. the top floor of the Metro is intense. There is no escape from the heat of swaying bodies; the smoke machine is overwhelming the limited space. A live act is programming hard German-sounding techno, and those seeking refuge find it in the parking lot ourside. In this open-air version of a chill-out room, the ravers look surprisingly fresh, with scrubbed cheeks and expectant looks on their faces. When a sophisticated, statuesque black woman smiles to reveal braces, I remember that they are all just kids trying to have fun. No one seems to notice the proximiry to Richmond's most notorious after-hours club, where drive-bys are frequent, or the constant police presence in the area.

We take a classic nightlife side trip to a nearby 7-Eleven, which has been turned into a rave snack bar. Kids scavenge the aisles, searching for not only the best sugar rush, but the coolest visual packaging as well, fondling virtually everything in the store for what seems like hours. Upon our return, the parking lot is empty, and the police tell us to go inside or go home.

Back at the rave, Megan can't find Stefan and is feeling neglected. When I ask her where he is, she retorts, "He's probably left me here, so I can walk home alone and get cut up." Later on, Stefan will tell me that while "Megan is the best, I just want to be her friend, not her boyfriend."

Half of the crowd is dancing; the rest are standing, staring, with a palpable sense of isolation. As the music slows down and smoothes out, so do the collecrive family rensions, as if everyone has kicked on whatever at the same time. Outcasrs rejoin rhe circle of dancers, as others around them hug in groups.

In the car on the way home, I ask Cabell if he thinks the ravers are as happy as they seem. "There's actually a lot of anger," he says. "Most of these kids work pretty shitty jobs, like flipping burgers at the mall. Even if you go to college, you'll end up in a shitty job. They barely speak to their parents. They use the rave to escape."

Everyone crashes at Stefan's place, and Sunday evening finds the family laying around. As a chill-out tape of frogs croaking over a soft techno beat fills in the background, no one has much to say, and moving seems a superhuman effort. "Do you know what I love about techno?" Blue asks of no one in particular. "It's like skating on the edge, with a constant feeling like you're going to fall off, and finally you do go over the edge. And there's nothing there. Nothing." Just trying to feel something, just trying to feel. ◻

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THE EVOLUTION OF TECHNO ACCORDING TO MOBY

PREHISTORY People begin dancing communally for unknown reasons.

LATE 19TH CENTURY Invention of oscillator makes electronically generated melodic sound possible.

EARLY 20TH CENTURY Development of tape recorder makes manipulation of "natural" sounds possible. Compositional style using natural sounds is dubbed *musique concrète*.

MDMA is first synthesized.

LSD is first synthesized.

1960s Relatively inexpensive synthesizers become available, taking electronically generated music from the academic (Stockhausen, etc.) to the pop realm (Roxy Music, Beatles, Beach Boys).

Pop groups experiment with *musique concrète* techniques as multitrack recording becomes ubiquitous ("Revolution 9," etc.).

1970s Disco develops as celebratory/hedonistic dance music/culture (KC and the Sunshine Band, Gloria Gaynor, Village People).

Giorgio Moroder and Kraftwerk pioneer the exclusive use of synthetic sounds in pop/dance music.

Punk is born, reintroducing the concept of DIY to pop/dance music.

Disco goes back underground in the face of massive racial, sexual, and cultural prejudices.

Hi-NRG, a sped-up electronic brand of disco, is spawned in gay clubs.

1980s Post-punk, a dour and more atmospheric stepchild of punk, is born. Many post-punk groups rediscover disco and funk, and make them moody (ESG, Medium Medium, etc.).

MIDI (musical instrument digital interface) is universally adopted as a way for synthesizers to control one another, bringing electronic music to the masses.

Early hip hop and freestyle embrace drum machines and synthesizers and establish '80s dance culture as an almost purely electronic domain (Afrika Bambaataa, Newcleus).

Early new wave bands (OMD, Depeche Mode, Yaz) follow in the footsteps of Moroder and Kraftwerk in bringing electronic pop/dance to the masses.

Digital samplers, which digitally record sounds and enable the user to treat them musically, are introduced to the consumer market and are immediately embraced by the hip hop/dance community. *Musique concrète* is brought to the streets.



Disco resurfaces as house music in Chicago. It spreads to the U.K. and the first house explosion begins (Marshall Jefferson, Farley Jackmaster funk).

A trippier, more atmospheric style of house called acid explodes in Europe, merging disco and psychedelia and bringing dance culture to a mainstream audience (Tyree, Fast Eddie).

A more synthetic, futuristic offshoot of house emerges in Detroit. Juan Atkins labels it "techno" (Blake Baxter, Derrick May).

Bleep music, a northern English interpretation of Detroit techno, comes and goes (LFO, Tricky Disco).

Huge raves (outlaw dance parties fueled by MDMA—also known as Ecstasy) spring up in the U.K., giving rise to the success of the piano-y, Hi-NRG Italo house (Black Box, Cappella) and a new breed of harder, more emotional techno (808 State, Adamski).

1990s The rave phenomenon spreads throughout the world with an even harder style of Belgian techno (T-99, Praga Khan) as its soundtrack.

The gay, black community shuns techno and goes back to traditional house and garage music (Tony Humphries, Frankie Knuckles).

Techno gets even harder and faster, typified by an amalgam of hip hop, reggae, and disco called jungle (Acen, Prodigy) and another super-fast Dutch invention called gabba (Sperminator, Rotterdam Termination Source).

As a result of the huge and growing popularity of rave culture, the techno and house purists shun hard techno and get into progressive (Leftfield), tribal (Underworld), and trance (Hardfloor).

As a result of excessive media scrutiny and police oppression, the rave scene dies off and retreats back into clubs.

As this retreat continues, house and techno splinter off into a myriad of subgenres, including garage, digifunk, hardcore, retro-techno, old school, ambient, and progressive acid.

Experimental rock (Can, Brian Eno) merges with techno to produce the hybrid "intelligent" or "easy listening" techno (The Orb, Spooky, Sandoz).

And that's where we are today—or so it seems to me.

Moby is a techno artist who has released several EPs over the last four years. It's first full-length, major-label album is due out on Elektra this summer. He plans a nationwide tour this fall.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSH GOSFIELD

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STRICTLY ARDKORE
Jungle is the new soundtrack for Britain's black and white underclass—music for a generation of speed freaks.

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GANGSTA RAVE

Fusing techno and hip hop, London's Jungle scene is stark, raving, and mad.

by Simon Reynolds

In the late '80s, when acid house and techno first inspired a mass movement, all the talk was of "love and unity." Five years later, though, British rave culture has fragmented. As the music evolved and diversified, rave culture—like rap in America—split into hostile factions, each of which regards itself as The Way Forward.

In a striking parallel with hip hop's schism between arty bohemians and gangstas, middle-class ravers have fastened onto "intelligent techno" (which ranges from trance's frigid frenzy to ambient techno's chill-out serenity), while working-class kids have rallied around "hardcore." Hardcore (or "ardkore," as it's sometimes spelled to intensify its delinquent aura) is the subculture; the soundtrack is called "jungle."

A mutant mongrel of techno and hip hop, jungle is based on insanely accelerated breakbeats (150 bpm and rising) overlaid with oscillating synth riffs and a mindstorm of mad samples: soul and reggae vocals sped up into a 78 rpm helium-shrill babble, ghostly swaths of sonic ectoplasm, firework explosions—you name it, jungle will (ab)use it. Deep beneath this frenetic barrage lie seismic rumbles, sometimes sampled from dub reggae, but increasingly just bowel-quaking, sub-bass ooze.

As with rap, "hardcore" means underground, anticompromise, no sellout. It also means hard living. Ardkore takes the druggy hedonism of rave culture to new levels of debauchery. Like all ravers, ardkore kids love Ecstasy (or E), but they often mix it with speed and LSD. Marijuana is also popular, because it mutes the nerve-jangling speediness of too much E, boosts the bass, and enhances jungle's roiling mesh of polyrhythms.

Some blame the music's manic tempo on an alleged degeneration in the quality of Ecstasy, which is believed to be adulterated with amphetamine or substituted altogether by speed-acid cocktails. In fact, the real problem may be that long-term E use causes the drug's lovey-dovey effects to weat off, leaving only the amphetamine rush. The result: a generation of speed freaks both programming and dancing to the music. Which explains why the average ardkore rave is such a staccato experience—all jittery, shuddering beats and epileptic strobes—and why ardkore dancers twitch and jerk, grind their teeth and "gurn" (make faces).

As the jungle scene has solidified, it's taken on a criminal-minded identity—call it gangsta rave. It reflects a desperate reality. Inner-city youth face unemployment and a welfare system that's being systematically dismantled by a Conservative government now in its 15th year of blundering misrule. "American" problems like guns and crack are taking root. Jungle's gangsta vibe is also influenced by Jamaican ragga (a.k.a. dancehall), and songs often sample ragga's insolent, uproarious chants. White youth have adopted the rude-boy postures and rasping patois of their black peers.

Jungle has become the soundtrack of Britain's burgeoning underclass, black and white kids alike who live in the same tower-blocks and estates (projects) and share the same hatred of the police and love of the Chronic. The scene is relatively multiracial in comparison with the almost totally Caucasian make-up of other post-rave subcultures. Many more black British kids are involved as music makers and DJs than in the techno scene, probably because jungle's break beat syncopation is funkier and grittier than trance's programmed rhythms and purely electronic textures.

Some say that jungle has eaten the U.K.'s hip hop scene whole. Like early rap, jungle is DJ-dominated rather than artist-based. Junglist DJs have revived scratching and other turntable-manipulating techniques and are taking the art of cross-fader cut 'n' mix to new heights. Over this jarring, jolting mayhem, MCs holler self-celebratory chants, party-on exhortations, and druggy gibberish: "Buzzin' hard! Oh-my-gosh, what-a-rush, what-a-rush! Believe me, ardkore's firing!"

In its early days, when the music was known simply as hardcore- or breakbeat-house, jungle was actually mainstream pop music.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES AND DAVIES

In 1991 and 1992, bands like the Prodigy, and SL2 had Top Five hits with their ardkore anthems. But when the Prodigy's "Charly" inspired a rash of imitators to put samples from kids' TV programs over lame breakbeats (Smart E's "Sesame's Treet" being the most famous), pundits proclaimed the death of rave, and hardcore went back to the underground.


Goldie, a/k/a Metalheads

Strongest in London and its surrounding counties, the jungle scene acquired something of a siege mentality/persecution complex: it's a ghetto within rave culture now, scorned by hipsters and tastemakers. Some "progressive" techno clubs even advertise "no breakbeats" on the grounds that jungle draws a bad crowd. In response, jungle has bunkered down into a defiantly self-sufficient community, based around indie labels, specialty dance shops, pirate radio, and small clubs. Despite the media blackout, however, at the massive commercial raves, it's always the junglist sound system that draws the biggest and most boisterous crowd.

The pirate stations (there are a dozen or more operating in London alone) are crucial, sustaining the subculture's sense of itself as vast yet subterranean—a shared, secret underworld. The MCs' cryptic slang and slogans like "you know the key" create a conspiratorial air. Kids page in messages, sometimes coded, suggestive of clandestine, nefarious deals, but mostly just salutations—"big shout"s and "'nuff respect"s sent out to other "massive"s (any gathering of youths bigger than two) huddled 'round the radio, rolling spliffs and getting "red-eye."

For all its futuristic sound, though, jungle is firmly in keeping with the British working-class "weekender" tradition, sharing a love of pill-popping and uptempo beats with earlier speed-freak, insomniac dance cults like the Mods and Northern Soul. Ardkore also has an uncouthness reminiscent of Oi!, a lumpen-and-proud-of-it offshoot of punk. Oi! fans distinguished themselves from the artsy types, who they believed had hijacked punk from "the real kids"; similarly, ardkore youth sneer at trendies and "lightweights" with their "fluffy" tunes. But what distinguishes jungle from its ancestors is the sheer desperation that fuels its hedonism. Facing the same "No Future" that goaded the mid-'70s punks into revolt, junglist youth live for now—for a present that becomes ever more attenuated and circumscribed as the recession bites harder.

As a fan who's not really part of the subculture, the jungle scene fills me with ambivalence. The music's ruffneck avant-gardism is exhilirating; ears glued to the pirates, I know I'm living in the future. At a junglist den like Club Labrynth in northeast London, the euphoric vibe can be amazing. On a summer night, Labrynth's garden—where overheated ravers retreat to chill out—can seem like a sacred grove. But increasingly, there's a squalor seeping around the edges of the scene. You'll see teenage girls throwing up because they've taken too many pills on an empty stomach. In the Labrynth's fluorescent catacombs, faces start to look haggard as dawn approaches.

One of the nice things about rave culture is fraternizing with people you might never normally meet; class and race lines are transgressed, drinks shared. But when all conversation revolves around drugs—whether you've procured decent stuff or been ripped off, which brands of E (often named, in a sinister, infantile touch, after brands of candy) are the best—this starts to seem like a lost generation. At the moment, ardkore is an *anti*culture, shortsighted and apolitical, looking no further than the weekend's pills 'n' thrills 'n' bellyaches.

The music is expressing a dawning awareness that ardkore is going nowhere fast (faster and faster as the bpm soar, according to an inexorable, drug-fueled logic). Last year, a track called "King of the Jungle" sampled a song from Disney's *Jungle Book* which captured the impasse hardcore has reached: "Now I'm the King of the swingers/The jungle VIP/I've reached the top, and had to stop/And that's what's bothering me."

In '93, the jungle sound shifted decisively from "happy hardcore" (rapturous, babytalk vocals and tingly piano riffs) toward "dark" tunes. The dark style consists of stark drums-and-bass minimalism overlaid with horror-movie noises and soundbites that hint at the underside of fast living: "Boy, that stuff can give you a brain damage"; "We're not gonna die...we gonna get out of here"; and most unnerving of all, a girl—possibly sampled from a documentary on mental illness or near-death experiences—murmuring, "I felt that I was in a long, dark tunnel."

"Dark side" tunes probably have everything to do with one effect of extended E usage—paranoia. If 1988 was a replay of 1967's "Summer of Love", rave culture has finally reached 1969, the year psychedelia turned apocalyptic: bad drugs, Altamont, Manson. But in another sense, "dark" is simply a development of jungle's gangsta vibe: aligning yourself with the dark side is a way of proclaiming yourself one baaad muthafucka. It's like heavy metal kids signing up for Satan's army, or gangsta rap's current flirtation with psychosis (witness Cypress Hill's "Insane In the Brain," Onyx's "Mad Face Invasion").

One of the trailblazers of dark jungle is Metalheads, the alter ego of Goldie, a young black Briton who describes himself as "a B-boy." A graffiti artist in New York at the height of breakdancing mania, Goldie still paints canvases and murals and has a sideline making gold teeth (hence his name). Goldie was drawn to jungle because of its breakbeat links to rap: "It was the only music around that really provoked my instincts." Metalheads's tracks like "Terminator" and "Sinister," with their eerily-treated beats and spooky synth tones, have been hugely influential, but Goldie is disparaging of his legacy.

"'Dark' came from the feeling of breakdown in society," he recalls. "It was winter, clubs were closing, the country was in decline. As an artist, I had to reflect it. But now all these kids have turned it into a joke. They think 'dark' is about devil worship." Goldie is trying to push the genre forward with sample-modulation techniques like "timestretching" and tracks like "Angel," which layers jazzy female vocals and lush textures over tolling beats.

And he's not alone. Metalheads is part of a progressive vanguard in jungle that includes such artists as Foul Play, Omni Trio, 2 Bad Mice, and DJ Hype, and labels like Moving Shadow, Suburban Base, and Reinforced (the home of another Goldie alter ego, Rufige Cru). After dark-core, there's a new strain of jungle that exudes the same heady poignancy as "Angel." With their strange, bittersweet alloy of bliss and sorrow, these tracks suggest that the jungle scene is haunted by uncertainty. Take Omni Trio's "Stronger": far from being another tougher-than-the-rest, survivalist anthem, its chorus mourns, "I know I'm not strong enough."

Goldie crystallizes the new jungle vibe when describing his music's soundclash of langorous, Eno-esque atmosphere with dangerous beats. "I wish I could live in the ambient dream," he says, "but I have to face reality." ◘

Marketing the music

Faster than you can say "techno," most people over 25 will cover their ears—which is a problem for those who make and market the music. "Techno is a dead word," says Jared Hoffman, 31, of Instinct Records, the small label that imported some of the first techno records to the United States. "The music coming out now bears almost no relation to what we were hearing two years ago, which is where the stereotype has come from. I call it the new alternative music." Techno—which used to mean hard, fast (over 150 beats per minute) electronic dance rhythms—has seemingly gone in several directions at once, ranging from traditional house vocalists like Robin S to spaced-out trance or ambient techno, which sounds almost classical or New Age. "This is basically high school music," says Howard Schaffer, who represents 13 techno DJs. "It changes as fast as a teenager."

Trying to keep up with such a volatile form has burned out many of the major labels, but a few are soldiering on. Rick Rubin, the man behind the Beastie Boys and Danzig, is now a technophile and has brought in 23-year-old rave promoter Gary Richards to sign and promote acts for his American records label (formerly Def American). Richards became famous after throwing a rave at the Knott's Berry Farm amusement park in southern California a year and a half ago, which attracted over 20,000 kids and grossed over $700,000. "That rave was so successful," he says, "but it was ahead of its time and raised unreal expectations." Always keen to catch the new trend, the majors—as with disco and rap before it—rushed to sign any act they could find, often putting out junk in the process. The records didn't sell, executives were left with a bad taste in their mouths, and the party seemed almost over. "The dilettantes put out a bunch of shit," says Richards, "but the music will take hold for two reasons: First, it just keeps getting better and better. It's much more sophisticated and varied today. Also, the kids who are into this music don't just listen to it—they live it."

But ravers constitute only a tiny segment of a potentially huge market, and the future may lie in breaking out of the scene. "The music can outlast the fad if it creates artists," says Carmen Cacciatore of RCA's dance department, which signed Black Box. "You need an onstage persona. I've had the experience of taking someone to see a techno act and they'll be like, 'When is the band going on?' and the band has been on for an hour." Large companies like RCA and Sony, which once put out a variety of compilations and artists, have now signed distribution deals with independent labels in the hopes of finding these faces. While many of the early hands resisted an identifiable image—sometimes changing names between CDs—the newer crossover acts are employing traditional promotion methods. "There is no future in anonymity," says Hoffman, "even in the cyber age."

Labels are resorting to college tours and sponsoring raves built around performances, with two DJs instead of 30, to showcase rising talent. The new faces are ledhy Mohy, whose first full-length major label album is due out on Elektra this summer. Digital Orgasm has broken the MTV barrier, and the Lords of Acid have recently made it to radio. EMI's *Rave Til Dawn* is the most successful techno compilation to date, with over 300,000 units sold. Plans for a more ambient *Rave 'Til Dawn II* have been put on hold, however, as EMI waits to see how the market develops. As the history of the underground from punk to hip hop to grunge dictates, the music will have to be wrested away from the fans who supported it in the first place. "The rave kids want to keep their music to themselves," says techno manager/promoter Mark Beaven, "but if they don't share, they'll kill it." *K.M.*

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JUNGLE BOOGIE
Despite a media blackout, the ardkore crowd is always the biggest and loudest at the massive commercial raves.

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LISA LISA. After 10 years of [illegible] under the thumb of the macho Full Force and Cult Jam, this Hell's Kitchen angel went back to her street funk roots for her solo debut, *LL–77*. Working with the likes of Junior Vasquez, Giovanni Salah, and Guru of Gang Starr, she has recast herself—with salacious songs like "Skip to My Lu" and "Knockin' Boys in the Head"—as a swaggering, no-nonsense siren who leaves tired lovers bleeding on the gutter. "I've been at the mercy of men for a long time," she says with a wink. "Heartache a lot, in spite of them. Now I'm ready."

HAIR BY MICHELLE BERGERON AT THE NEXT GENERATION. (RIGHT TOP) TOP BY LABEL 9OS. (RIGHT BOTTOM) WHITE MARIDOU VEST BY ADRIENNE LANDAU. BLACK CORSET AT THE VILLAGE CORSET SHOP. NECKLACE BY ERICKSON BEAMON.



LISETTE MELENDEZ (left). A brassy native New Yorker who still lives in Spanish Harlem, Melendez energized the Latin freestyle movement in 1991 with her smash "Together Forever." After taking a year to "rediscover the priorities of life," she has just issued the sparkling, hip hop-flavored *True to Life*. The album is bolstered by the wickedly contagious hit "Goody, Goody"—complete with a video directed by Rosie Perez. "Two years ago there were a lot of Latin singers, and no one had a real identity," she says. "I'm trying to show people different parts of my personality."

DIVA

The one-name wonders of clubland have gone from being disposable voices to full-blown pop stars. It's time to admit it: Disco doesn't suck. *by Larry Flick*

Photographs by Ellen von Unwerth

INDIA (below). This former protégée of Jellybean Benitez is still riding on the crest of critical raves in 1994. She solidified her club base as the featured vocalist on the Masters At Work number one smash "I Can't Get No Sleep," coproduced by her hubby and red-hot remixer Little Louie Vega. Meanwhile, the staunch and exacting Latin music community embraced her stunning collaboration with the legendary salsa musician Eddie Palmieri. "The experience of working with Eddie brought me closer to my roots, and it made me a better singer," she says. "But you know, I still love to get onstage in a club and totally *work* it. It's a totally different, exciting rush." India brings both worlds closer together on her new single, "Love and Happiness (Yemaya y Ochun)," a sizzling collaboration with Vega and Tito Puente.

Building the perfect diva. It's an impossible task. Contrary to popular belief, there is no foolproof recipe or blueprint for creating that special breed of vocalist who can take the most drab disco bauble or funk platter and transform it into a magical, emotionally cathartic journey.

Certainly, there are big-haired perpetrators who think lacquered lips mouthing indecipherable shrieks over a beat are enough to get over. But as any true child of the night knows, divahood cannot be manufactured. It's a natural state of mind. It's untampered talent. In short, it's in the blood, not the mascara.

Unfortunately, real divas have a tough time getting props beyond the confines of a discothèque. Every once in a while one rises above the glassy glitter of the disco ball to bask in the sunny warmth of pop radio waves, but such flights are few and far between.

Part of the problem is that divas got a bad rep during the '70s when fierce belters like Carol Douglas, Loletta Holloway, and the late Sharon Redd allowed themselves to become the vocal marionettes of male producers and composers. While this "marriage" was the source of many classic jams, it also created an image and set a precedent that divas with a brain fight to this day.

The tide started to turn when Donna Summer bucked the system by insisting that her own brilliant creative vision be promoted along with that of her writers/producers Giorgio Moroder and Pete Belotte. But there are still miles of ground to recover.

We gathered 10 of these dance music divas to photograph them in the nightclubs of New York. They came from all over—Los Angeles, Tokyo, Baltimore, and Spanish Harlem—each bringing their own flavor, temperament, and a copy of their latest record. Lisette Melendez, India, and Lisa Lisa did the Latina sister act one minute (all *"Mira, Mira"* and air kisses), then rolled their eyes (at each other) the next. Lisette hated the clothes, India loved them, and Lisa Lisa was undecided but worked it anyway. Adeva wanted to be queen. Nokko wanted to be Barbie. RuPaul, whose picture was snapped minutes before the doors opened at his Christmas Ball at Irving Plaza, in downtown Manhattan, declared: "I look like a Walt Disney vixen." And he did.

Here, we salute the women (and the man) who put the fever in Saturday night.

STYLING BY PATTY WILSON STYLING ASSISTANT, JOHN HULLUM HAIR BY DANIELO MAKEUP BY LAURIE STARRETT.



BLACK KNIT DRESS BY JEFFREY COSTELLO; BLACK FAUX FUR COAT BY YVONNE WESTWOOD; TIARA BY ERICKSON BEAMON FOR ANNA SUI.

ADEVA (this page). It has been a little more than a hot second since the New Jersey-bred Adeva, née Patricia Daniels, drew comparisons to Grace Jones with such castrating anthems as "Respect" and "Warning." Heralded to near-legend status overseas, Adeva, who has been sorely underrated in the United States, recently found herself label-less, and at the bitter end of a severed contract with the Svengali-like Smack Productions. On to better days, this wiser, softer, and newly married songstress recently settled into the role of lead vocalist on producer Frankie Knuckles's second album on Virgin.

RUPAUL (right). Now here's a diva with a twist. RuPaul not only spruced up the face of dance music in 1993 with the dishy and sparkling *Supermodel of the World*, but he (or she, depending on your perspective) also kicked down more than a few conservative walls with his easygoing "everybody say love" mentality. Rising to the status of icon in 12 short months, the Atlanta native crashed through the New York City downtown drag queen ceiling. He is about to begin recording his second album for Tommy Boy, and will appear in Spike Lee's next movie, *Crooklyn*. Says RuPaul, "I play this woman who is the neighborhood kook—malt liquor in one hand and a cigarette in the other."

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WORM DRESS BY JEFFREY COSTELLO



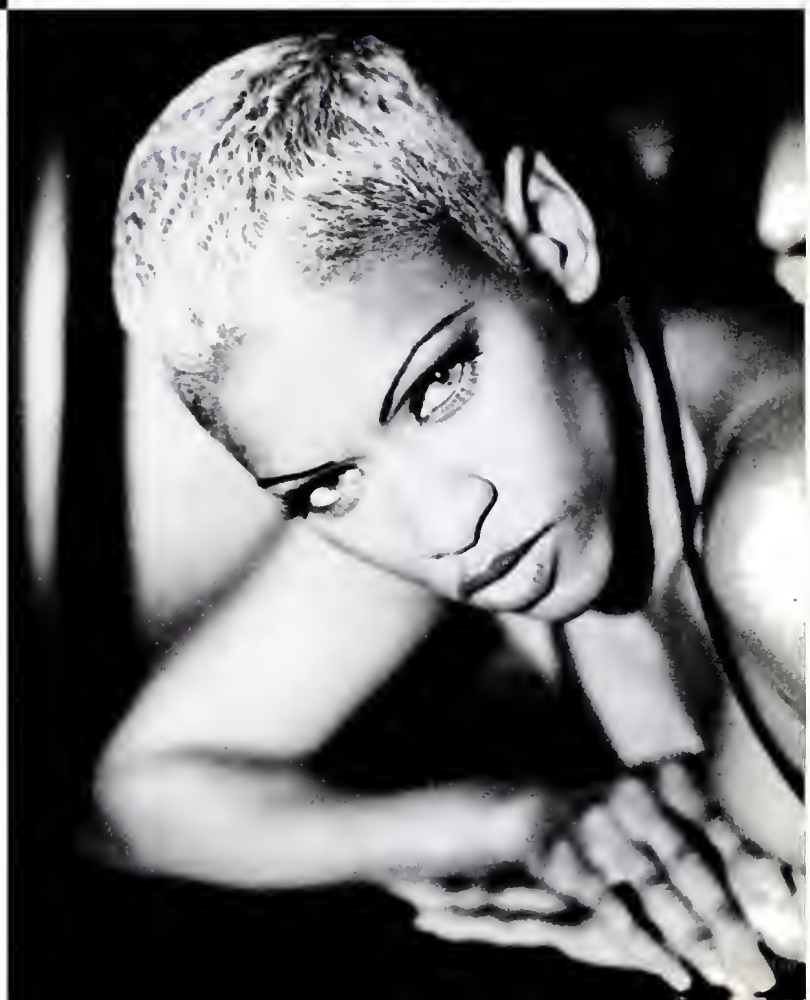
ULTRA NATÉ. After fighting for recognition with her club-heralded *Blue Notes in the Basement* several years ago, Baltimore native Ultra Naté is poised for stardom. Her recent *One Woman's Insanity* deftly chronicles her climb up the industry ladder—with a couple of juicy love scandals tossed in for good measure. The single "Show Me" put her atop international dance charts and on pop radio. Tracks like "How Long" and "Incredibly You" should take her even further. Ultra says, "You gotta have conviction in your music to live the life."

MORTON DILLEN & JEFFREY SCHERILLO



NERISSA (left). Exploring Nerissa's eponymous debut, you meet a woman fraught with emotional complexities. Amid a flurry of rugged hip hop drums and silky disco strings, she is by turns a giggling coquette and an aggressive siren, stressing and vamping through affairs of the heart. In less than a year, Nerrisa has successfully courted club and radio DJs with her slinky reading of the Dramatics' "In the Rain," which rode the dance charts for weeks, and paved the way for her potent original follow-up singles "Stars" and "The Cure."

LONNIE GORDON. This woman is tenacious. Despite a string of bawdy dance hits in the United Kingdom, she has endured one bad deal after another. Having done some much-needed housecleaning, Gordon is working her program with SBK Records, which has put its big guns behind her versatile debut album, *Bad Mood*. While she and the label are hawking the new single "Do You Want It," which has been nicely re-worked by David Morales, Gordon says she has become fond of her rendition of Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive," a cover suggested by her late mentor, Bob Caviano. "It feels like an anthem for living your life to the fullest," she says. "Bob did, and so do I."



(TOP) DRESS BY HELEN STOREY. (BOTTOM) OUTFIT BY LAURA WHITCOMB FOR LABEL



Nokko. Ready to claim global recognition, Nokko has sold a staggering 10 million-plus albums in her homeland of Japan—no wonder they call her Madonna there. Her fun 'n' frothy debut, *Call Me Nightlife*, yielded a sizable club hit, "I Will Catch U," and a very successful concert tour. As she enters the studio to begin her next project, due out at the end of the year, Nokko says she is anxious to incorporate the new seasoning and soul savvy she gained in the States into her music.

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Alana. It takes a woman who is confident in the power of her voice and the indivlduality of her personality to hold her own with one of the most dynamic producers in dance music. Sharing equal billing with the brilliant Marc "MK" Kinchen on the sterling Virgin album *Surrender*, this Detroit native possesses a commanding alto vocal range, softened by a haunting, sensitive quality that adds passion to such club hits as "Always," "Burning," and the most recent anthem, "Love Changes."

Copyright Material

BLACK SHEEP *Stranger than Non-Fiction*

She has worn her Lycra skirt up a little too close to the curve of her ass too many times. She has knelt before a few too many guys. She has had a little too much with-condom sex without the I-love-you and I-love-you-toos. Compton, Brooklyn, Des Moines, New Orleans—that's where she lives, playing girlfriend by the night, or sometimes by the weekend.

She's *jeengulling*, baby. And loving her some Black Sheep. They make her life, rapping about her all the time.

With a pouty L.A. face and round Oakland booty, soul sister works no weave and paints just a little Fashion Fair on her lips and eyelashes. She knows industry-type people and once walked, in her own clothes, through a video. She lowered her eyelids and pursed her lips, and the camera lingered on her flat, smooth belly. She fucked the guy whose video it was knowing that later he'd call her a Big Ho to his friends. So she put her lace-edged thigh-high stockings in her beaded bag and got up while he was still snoring because (and her homegirls will verify this) she gives less than a fuck about fucking—she gets up first and lets a rapper ask her, Where is *she* going?

"*Ho* is short for honey," Black Sheep say. And even with a broad understanding of sarcasm and a hip hop neophyte's eye for irony, she takes those words at their meaning and holds them close through "Hoes We Knows," "Strobelite Honey," and "L.A.S.M." (which stands for Ladies Against Sexist Muthafuckas) from the debut, *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*. She saw Dres once (*fine*) at a party from across the room, got lost in his maple-syrup eyes and sleepy smile and became a bigger fan because he looked like he didn't call girls hoes for real, just on the record.

She wants to meet one or the other—Dres or Mista Lawnge—it doesn't matter which. Both have pretty lips, both get the mike. She saw them when they toured with Ice Cube and then again with Queen Latifah and Naughty by Nature on the Flavor Unit World Tour. She wanted to braid Lawnge's towering high-top (he doesn't have it anymore), catch Dres off guard, make him grin. Wrap her legs around one or both of them, rise to all the challenges (the "free hysterectomy," for one) they pose. And pose.

What she knows about Black Sheep she got mostly from *Right On!* and from her friend's brother who works security at a recording studio. She knows that Dres and Lawnge met in suburban Sanford, North Carolina, even though they're from Queens and Brooklyn. She knows that Mr. Lawnge used to be known in Sanford as DJ Shorty Doo Wop. She knows of his other pseudonyms, 9.5 and Sugar Dick Mista Lawnge.

Her friend's brother took her to the studio one time, where Black Sheep were working on their follow-up album, *Non-Fiction*. It was cramped and stank of expensive marijuana. Dres's right hand was curved around a tiny cellular phone. He and Lawnge looked like they were working, so she said nothing to them. Just watched them talk on the phone. Laugh. Be polite.

She listened as Dres talked about others. "They try and be masters of what they've seen, not what they themselves are particularly about," he said. "We're not about nationwide disses. That shit is mad corny. Played. We're at a point now where people need to grow up. Every time I look at a rap video now, I get high school flashbacks. Rap is starting to be monotonous."

Dres moved slow and Mr. Lawnge barely moved at all. With small notebooks in hand, they directed the studio technicians with blasé confidence. "Gangsta rap is about shootin', murdering, selling crack on the corner," Mr. Lawnge said. "Hardcore rap is real rap."

Then they said, kinda laughing and splitting the sentences between them:

"We talked about sex a lot on the last album."

"'Cuz we wasn't gettin' much."

"This new album isn't about that much sex."

"'Cuz we're gettin' more."

She'd once read an article where Dres and Lawnge talked about the differences between "cheap" and "nice" girls. But she'd been underneath or riding on top of enough guys to know that there really was no correct way to be. Cocktease, dyke, lesbo, slut, cunt, hooker—there were as many names for her when she spread her legs as there were when she said, *Thanks But No Thanks, Brother.* and kept on stepping.

Back at home, she blasted the music loud—"Similak Child," "The Choice Is Yours," all that—danced to it as she accentuated her lips a coral pink and sprayed perfume on her shoulders and on the back of her neck under her hair. She reveled in Dres and Mr. Lawnge's funny flair for charming whimsy. The rhymes that took her on an escapade. The lyrics and the music all giggly and *fuck you*.

"There's too many groups lost in the identity of someone else," Dres had said at the studio. "Everybody and their mother has a gun now. That's not how you get respect. Rap is starting to make no sense again." She liked when he said that. Positive for the community. See, Black Sheep say "ho" so nicely. Black Sheep must like her, be intrigued by her, find her compelling, she heard herself saying out loud, kind of fervently, even crazily. They think about her, write about her, rap her.

Ready she was, ready to hear some *Non-Fiction*.

Danyel Smith



PHOTOGRAPH BY SILVIA OTTE



THE CHOICE IS YOURS
Mr. Lawnge and Dres,
back for round two



Robin Quivers has been riding shotgun on the Howard Stern juggernaut for 13 years. Robert Morales *hangs on for dear life as the sidekick supreme speaks.*

SHIVER ME QUIVERS

Some of you can go now—I'm a fan of "The Howard Stern Show."

This daily, appallingly hilarious, five-hour, Fellini-esque stream-of-consciousness radio talk-show debauch is the country's most unrelenting attack on vapid political correctness. It careens from Stern's confessional diatribes to merciless celebrity interviews to carnivals of middle-class lust, always threatening to veer out of control if not for its one apparent lynchpin of sanity.

Robin Quivers is an anomaly even for Stern's bizarre cast of thousands. Anchoring the morning news like a jolly Nefertiti, she works out of her own glass-partitioned station that looks into the show's main studio, her trademark peals of laughter mixing with the incessant clatter of two wire-service teletype machines. Quivers, at 40, clearly enjoys watching her petri dish full of antic adolescent white males; and her 13-year reign of terror with Stern establishes her as far more than an apologist for the show's occasional racial humor. In fact, since the unprecedented success of Stern's autobiography, *Private Parts*, America's become mesmerized by Quivers, who displays her own twisted sense of the perverse with steely glee.

Oh yeah—everyone's been asking me if her raucous laugh is for real. It is, and so is she.

Here's how I see your role on the show: It's as if all these crazed, rowdy guys have a scheduled free-for-all in a big dorm room and you ride herd on them. And, every so often, when Howard strays into a danger zone of bizarre over-the-top thought or behavior, you kind of smack *him back in line. So you're the reality check, in a way, and the rest of the time you just sort of enjoy the ride.*

That's a good view. I've always likened it to this thing that happened in college: One day a bunch of girls were sitting in a room talking about guys. But they didn't know there was a vent in the ceiling, so a bunch of guys in the room upstairs—who were the subjects of this conversation—got to listen in. If a man had been in the room, the women never would have expressed themselves this way. And I think guys do the same thing in a locker room: they talk about things, and women in particular, in a certain way that very few women are aware of. I get to witness it every morning, and now everybody is hearing it on the radio.

I don't sit in the mix, so no one is really looking at me—they're all pointed in another direction and they get lost in that whole *male* thing. I usually consider them my court jesters—*they* are sitting there to entertain *me*.

Unlike anyone else on the show, you seem to have had a real life apart from radio and entertainment—I know you had a military career and that you

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLEO SULLIVAN; STYLING BY CANNON; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY GLORINDA. DRESS BY GHOST.



ON THE AIR
Robin laughs it up in the heart of darkness

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were a nurse, but I don't know any specifics.

After nursing school at the University of Maryland, I worked as a nurse for about a year in Baltimore. I grew up there, and there I was *still* in Baltimore, so I decided to let the Air Force show me the world. I said, I can use my nursing degree to become an officer, and they will fly me all over the world and I will see everything, and everything will be wonderful.

And how did that work out?

Terrible! Six months into the Air Force, I realized it was *nursing* I didn't like, not Baltimore. [*She laughs at herself.*] So now I had to do two years of Air Force time to be able to start a new career. . . . I *hated* the Air Force.

Did you ever see anything particularly unpleasant while you were nursing or in the Air Force or whatever?

Particularly unpleasant? What do you mean? I was a shock trauma, intensive care kind of nurse, so I saw unpleasantness all the time.

So, lots of dead people?

I didn't actually see *lots* of dead people, because if you made it up to where I was, you were probably going to live. Usually they died in the emergency room or on the operating table.

Does the hard-boiled reality of all that sometimes affect your routines? I'm thinking about Bob and Ray especially, where you and Howard conduct interviews with your voices electronically deepened to a Satanic degree.

[*She laughs.*] That was very funny because that was one of the things the FCC used to cite all the time in their complaints. They would send us transcripts of what they didn't like, and the Bob and Ray skits were big favorites of theirs, but they didn't realize that one of us was female. They would just write, "Ray said. . . ." But that was my idea of what a man would be. A male chauvinist pig—you know, a real unenlightened cretin of a guy.

"REPUBLICANS LOOK LIKE THE AMERICAN DREAM, BUT

They're like two mercenary wannabes who talk about raping and killing people.

Right. They are probably adult Beavis and Butt-Heads—guys who really don't get women, don't have a lot of friends, but this is what they imagine it would be like if they were cool happening dudes.

I'm sure if I went through a transcript, Ray would be making the most damaging statements—for example, suggesting a woman use Bob's testicles like Bocci balls! There's always this stunned silence in the studio about all the dark shit that you seem to understand about guys.

Right, that was always so shocking! [*She laughs with great relish.*] In fact, I was in therapy at the time, and one day I went into my therapist's office for my session and she said, "I want to talk about Bob and Ray." I said, "Don't be ridiculous, that's a radio show!" I refused to even deal with it, because it was just a fanrasy.

How many pigs do you deal with on the average?

I don't, really. You know, I live a very sheltered life.

Do you? I mean, do you have a life outside of the show?

Yes, but I guess I'm very protective of it. I don't *deal* with people I don't like, I don't *deal* with people I have problems with. You know, people always say, "Do you have to defend your show?" *No*—because I don't *deal* with people who don't like it!

Have you had arguments or lost any friends over it?

I won't, no! If you want to talk about the show, go somewhere else; I'm off duty. I do this for a living. I don't get to criticize *you* on what *you* do 'cause I can't see it. So I'm not going to hang around people who want to talk about me on the radio.

What's your response to irate black people who call up?

There's such a small little area that we get to kid around in these days without stepping on toes. We just dispense with all that and step wherever we want, and a lot of toes get crushed in the meantime.

Now, the best thing about having people of color call up irate on the air is that they are just like everybody else who calls up irate. Everything was *fine* until they heard something about black people. It was fine to talk about the Jews, about the Catholics, about the Irish, about the Italians—Howard was *right* in all those things—but the moment he said something about black people, he was wrong. Every other group has the same opinion. It's like, "Now you've gone too far. I *used* to like you but"

Do you *ever get irked with Howard?*

If I get irked, it's more about the politics of a thing, because I really don't think it makes a difference what *I* think about any particular group of people or what *anyone else* thinks about a group of people. What *should* concern you is whether what they think prevents you from getting a *job* or prevents you from doing *business* or prevents your child from getting an *education*—those are *real* things. *Those* are things you need to deal with. You cannot legislate—and you never will be *able* to legislate—people's feelings. That's the way it is, and you will *never* change it by ranting and raving about how wrong it is.

You know, I did listen to the Snoop Doggy Dogg album the other day and I laughed hysterically, but it's too monotonous for me to really get into.

What about movies? There's a story in Private Parts *about you getting a call from Spike Lee, and he gave you grief about Howard's bad-mouthing him—even though you'd defended Spike on the air.*

I think it's hysterical that everybody picks up on that. At the time I was having the argument with Spike, it did run through my mind that here I am yelling at one of the premier directors in the country today—but what the fuck, you know? He has no idea what he's talking about. I have a lot of problems with Spike Lee's politics. He's another one of these guys who feels that, "I'm right about everything so *I* get to say whatever *I* want, and nobody else can speak. Especially if they speak badly about me, then they must be controlled." [*She shrugs.*] Either you're into free speech or you're not.

Well, we're going into politics. Anybody you like?

No one! I'm the most cynical human being you will ever meet. I don't believe *anybody* tells the truth about anything. I don't believe *anybody* has my best interest at heart. I believe that people go into politics just like they go into anything else—they think they can make money at it, they are into power, and, as I have seen growing up, ultimate power is ultimately corrupting.





Born as innocent as Brook Shields, Robin Quivers was swiftly seduced by Howard Stern

Has Howard ever said anything that you've gotten into a fight about off the air?

No! He's an incredibly sweet human being. Why would we be yelling off the air?

I don't know. Hey, I'm not privy to what goes on off the air, I have to ask.

You know, that's the other funny thing. People think that I must have to deal with the character they hear on rhe air all day long. We're *all* characters on the air. I mean, I'm not so pristine, either.

I guess the other thing I want to know is what kind of music you listen to.

It's gotten to the point where everything's a job. I go to see movies because it's a job, I go to see plays because it's a job, and now when I listen to music, I'm listening to it because I need to know what it is. The last album that I listened to just because I liked it was by Annie Lennox. I think she has a great voice and I love singers. So I'm bound to listen to any of those divas, you know, Whitney and Annie Lennox—and I *don't* listen to Mariah Carey.

But all those octaves—

I don't particularly care for her. But I'm a big Anita Baker fan, and occasionally I'll hear a rap song I like.

Do you find that any black leaders, like a Reverend Jesse Jackson or a Reverend Calvin Butts . . .

Like I said, if these black leaders want to take *responsibility,* they should take responsibility for the conditions in the black community, which they have been leading. Where is it going? I'm perfectly willing for them to lead if they are willing to take responsibility. If whar rhey've been doing has created the conditions we live in today, I think they should all be ashamed of themselves.

What do you mean?

The high level of crime, the lack of direction. You know, everybody sits around talking about how there wouldn't be so much crime on the street if only there were more jobs or more this and more that—well, where *were* you? You were supposed to be taking care of things. You said you wete *leaders*. You were taking up the mantle after Martin Luther King, and you have been leading us and *this* is where it has gotten us. Now what's the problem?

Well, what do you think about the situation with this black guy on the Long Island Rail Road, who killed all those white people, where basically the guy's an obvious racist?

I don't know that he's anything more than a *nut*—

it was just expressed in racial terms. He could have been nutty and decided that the reason everything was screwed up was because nobody was telling the truth about JFK. When you're crazy, it doesn't mattet what you focus on. So that his focus is racism in society means nothing—he's a nut.

Well, my question was, *what do you think about Reverend Jesse Jackson and Reverend Al Sharpton, etc., jumping up and down, saying, "Let's not make race an issue!"*

Race *isn't* the issue. Race wasn't an issue until *they* brought it up because somebody called *this man* an animal. They didn't say *black* people are animals, because this man shot up people on the Long Island Rail Road. A person has an emotional response to something, like this Nassau Counry executive. He's there at the scene of this hottible ctime; he's looking at all the blood all over the railroad car; he's seeing people carted away in ambulances; he's seeing people cry and beat their chests. They don't know what to do or what to think, and somebody sticks a microphone in his face and he says, *"This was the action of an animal."*

And now everyone is going to make a comment on a statement that was made in an *extreme* state of emotion and hold him up to question about it? What do *you* say in a fit of outrage? What do *you* say when your kid has come home after wrecking your brand new car? Do you say absolutely the right thing at every moment? And does it have any political consequence in the long run? No. Hopefully, you will then sit down with your child and explain why you are so upset and tell him, "It really doesn't mean I don't like you or that my love fot you is going to change, but I just spent *two years* waiting to get that car!"

But to turn atound and try to make headlines out of a situation like this, I think, is abhorrent. And it does *nothing* for the black community, because then people who have less on the ball and are looking to these people for ideas and leadership, go [*she wails like the Cowardly Lion*], "Oh yes, they called us animals!" They didn't call any of *us* animals, they called this *guy* an animal! And if you ate going to identify with *him*, maybe *you're nuts, TOO!*

What are your favorite stories of the day?

Well, my favorite story today was that John Tesh has been dropped from the *John & Leeza* show. That was a pretty good one.

Yeah, and then there's the Michael Jackson story.

The nevet-ending Michael Jackson story.

Although I don't want to think he did it, 'cause that would be boring. You know, I'd rather hear that he was completely innocent and still *totally obsessed with hanging out with kids and jumping in and out of Jacuzzis. To me, that's much more fascinating.*

Well, it's a lot more twisted; that's true. But you know, I have a whole different take on this. I think that people *want* to believe that there are people like Michael Jackson, the Michael Jackson that we had before the scandal. They want to believe that there is a sweet, asexual, black man who wouldn't hurt a fly. You can even trust Brooke Shields with him. You could send her over to the house and strip her naked—he won't touch her! I'm talking about the *image* of what Brooke Shields is—the Ivory baby. She was an icon in her Calvin Klein jeans. The stuff that people wanted to do to Brooke Shields was all before she was *legal*. So I'm saying that's what Brooke Shields *is* to the American public—she's that little girl everyone wanted to *rape* before she got to be this horse she is today. And I'm saying that they're thinking, Ptetty Baby goes to Michael Jackson's house and is *absolutely safe*. Isn't that wonderful! That there's a black man that you can *trust* and we'll send him out children; meanwhile, it's so obvious that this man is bent, and that *nobody* would want to spend time with him if he weren't Michael Jackson. And so that's how he got away with this, because there's a desite in this country fot him to exist.



ANDREW MACPHERSON

"THEY WILL TIE YOU UP AND BEAT THE HELL OUT OF YOU."

erry band of miscreants. Who'da thunk she'd become America's own Tokyo Rose?

The thing is, there're celebrities I've heard about for years who are pretty much well known for doing what he is accused of doing, and sometimes you're amazed—

Right, they don't have that image.

And they are some of the most boring people.

Well, that's always the way it is. Any prostitute will tell you, Republicans are *real* sick people, and they don't *look* sick on the face of it. They look like the American dream, but you don't want to be alone with them because they will tie you up and beat the hell out of you. The thing that turns them on is breaking the rules, but they will never do it in public; that's *not* the thing to do. What you do is go behind closed doors—and that's what makes Howard Stern so dangerous, because he breaks the rules in public.

'Cause basically his whole dynamic is inverted—

Absolutely, and that drives these people *crazy*.

They'd all love to go up there and spank a few butts.

Not only that—they're doing it! They're doing it, but they think it would ruin society if it knew. It's always the elitist attitude that, "Oh yeah, I can look at all this pornography and it doesn't bother me." It's like the Meese Commission—they sat in rooms and were inundated with *the worst pornography there is available* and they all say they came out all right, but *they* have to stop it from coming into the country because everyone will turn into Ted Bundy if they get to see it.

After Howard, you are the strongest presence on the show, whether you say anything or not. What if he decided to go into movies and give the show up? What would you do?

Well, I would have to continue to feed myself so I would have to do something, wouldn't I? But I can't predict the future. What am I? I got a crystal ball?

Well, what do you want*?*

I want everything! I want my own *show*. I want to do *television*. I like acting—I want to do *everything*, so I'll do something else!

Is there anything that would make your life easier, Robin?

If I didn't have to get up so early in the morning. I get up at 3 a.m. It doesn't leave a lot of leeway fot socializing and a lot of the things humans like to do.

Do you date? Do you hang out with people?

Occasionally. When you get really busy and you're really tied up, you have to start knocking things off the list. Relationships take a lot of time, a lot of wotk, and rather than shortchange a person, sometimes you just say "I'll put that on hold for a while." So I hang out with friends and junk like that. I'm not a partiet ot a dancet.

Since the book has come out—put aside the publicity and the appearances—has it changed anything?

Yes. You're here.

Well, I would have been here anyway.

People's perception of us has changed, and I'm not talking about people who wete always fans of the show. I'm talking about those business people.

They take you seriously.

Yeah, those people out there who could get you into othet projects and take you to another level have sort of laughed off out success ovet the years: "Well, yeah, but . . ."—it doesn't translate into what they call the *legitimate* areas of show business. Since the book, they're taking a second look.

Books are such odd totemic items to people in the entertainment business. They don't understand books, they don't understand where they come from. . . . Will you be in any of Howard's movies?

How do I know? I haven't seen them. But if he were to ask me, I'd say, "Let me see the part. What kind of a part is it?"

No party girl scenes.

Party girl scenes? I don't even think he would wtite that fot me.

Well, you never know. What do you think about the women who aren't strippers or porn stars that show up topless at the studio?

I find it fascinating—that there're people out there who secretly harbor these salacious fantasies about disrobing for strange men on radio shows. I mean, they must sit and listen, they hear other people doing it, and they say to themselves, 'That must be so exciting.' And they want to come and do it, too.

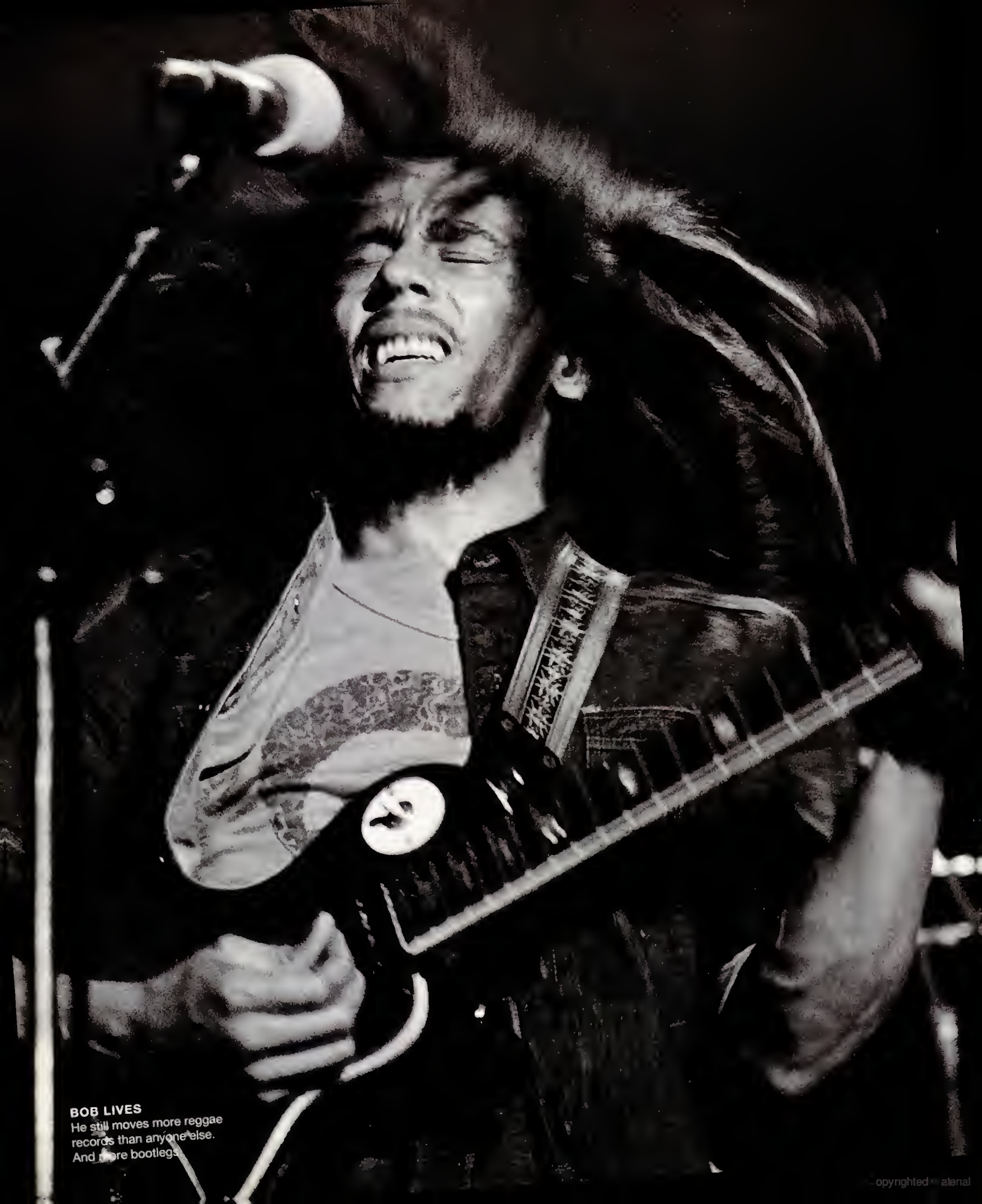
What about guys?

Yes, guys seem to always want to do that—I don't think there's a guy who doesn't! [*She laughs.*] But it's not quite the same thing: I don't *want* them to!

Here's a question on Howard's behalf: Would you sleep with him if he wasn't married?

No! [*She laughs wildly.*] And he won't believe it! We have this argument all the time, and it's a wonderful argument because you can nevet prove anything.

Robert Morales is a frequent contributor to Vibe.



BOB LIVES
He still moves more reggae records than anyone else. And more bootlegs.

Copyrighted material



PIRATES YES THEY ROB I

Three decades after cutting his first record, Bob Marley still ranks as one of the most exploited artists in the history of recorded music. Larry Jaffee *reports as friends and family fight for their stake in the multimillion-dollar Marley legacy.*

Robert Nesta Marley is even larger in death than he was in life. By the time he was diagnosed with terminal cancer in 1980, "the Soul Rebel" and his music were known around the world. May 11, 1981, was not the end but the beginning of a new chapter in the Marley legend. His posthumous greatest-hits album, *Legend*, occupied the top spot on the *Billboard* catalogue chart for a record 19 consecutive weeks in 1993, beating the Beatles, Pink Floyd, and every other member of the rock pantheon.

While Marley was alive, he made sure that his family, including all the children and "baby mothers," as well as his musical partners, were taken care of. But he left no written will. As a result, the huge dividends from his life's works—by some estimates as much as $50 million—have been the subject of much fussing, fighting, and litigation since Bob "flew away home."

Island Records, the label that catapulted Marley to international stardom, has paid dearly for the exclusive right to market the Marley name. Island founder Chris Blackwell gave $8.4 million to the Jamaican government in January 1989 for control of Tuff Gong, the company established by Bob Marley and his musical cohorts Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer.

"Yes, people rob me and try fe trick me, but now I have experience," Bob Marley told an interviewer in 1976. "Now I know and I see and I don't get tricked. Used to make recordings and not get royalties. Still happen sometime. All Wailers records made here [Jamaica] but then pirated to England. All them English companies rob man. Everybody that deals with West Indian music—thieves."

February marked the 49th anniversary of the undisputed reggae king's birth. Some birthday present: Aside from the hordes of bootlegs, counterfeits, and unauthorized releases circulating throughout the world, a new, even messier legal battle is set to unfold in the English courts. This case pits the Marley Foundation, Island Records, and its mighty parent company Polygram (which bought the label from Blackwell for a reported $300 million) on one side, against Marley's former partner Neville Livingston (a.k.a. Bunny Wailer) and the estate of the late Peter Tosh on the other.

Despite Island Records' investment in the Tuff Gong name, Bunny Wailer claims that, as the only surviving member of the Wailers, he should rightfully control Tuff Gong. At the center of the conflict is the Tuff Gong logo, a triad of interlocking black hands symbolizing the trio's partnership. A similar insignia adorns the entire Marley catalogue on Island, and also appears on *The Never Ending Wailers*, a recent Bunny Wailer–produced "reunion" album of Wailers standards released on the independent label Ras Records.

The current disputes are especially unfortunate considering that the three original Wailers grew up together like brothers in Ttench Town, West Kingston, one of the world's bleakest ghettos. Besides being childhood friends, Bunny and Bob were also indirectly related. Had Marley and Tosh been around

to witness the current state of "thievery," Bunny insists, "they would have killed somebody by now." As an eldet statesman of roots reggae, Bunny is not a violent man, but he has hired an attorney. "The use of the Tuff Gong name is a problem," says Gordon Williams, Bunny's British lawyer. "At the moment, the Tosh estate and Bunny are getting nothing from the use of the name and the early Wailers recordings."

Blackwell responds that, to his knowledge, Bunny and Tosh are receiving proper royalties for any Island releases on which they perform. Alistair Norbury, Island's London-based business affairs manager, admits that the Wailers' pre-Island period, from the early '60s to 1972, is "very much a gray area."

Most of the pre-Island tracks in question were produced by the brilliant but mercurial Lee Perry. "When we first approached Lee Perry, he was broke," recounts Bunny. "We withstood the cost for these records." Bunny says Perry and the Wailers agreed to split all proceeds 50-50. Nonetheless, the producer proceeded to make a deal with the English reggae label Trojan Records, which yielded four albums. "Perry started selling the tapes all over the place," says Bunny, who adds that he "never received one dime" from Trojan, which now claims an exclusive worldwide agreement to represent Perry's Wailers material.

Perry, who now lives reclusively somewhere in Switzerland, it is said, apparently signed other contracts besides the one with Trojan. In 1980 he purportedly cut a deal with San Juan Music, a New Jersey-based publishing company. Like Trojan, San Juan alleges an exclusive arrangement to represent Perry. The companies are now embroiled in legal action. Meanwhile, San Juan has licensed its 48 Perry-produced Wailers tracks to at least 15 other low-budget reissue companies, including three—Point/Zillion, Madacy, and Special Music/Essex—whose albums charted as *Billboard*/SoundScan best-sellers. At majot retail outlets like Tower Records or Sam Goody, a three-CD box set like Madacy Records' *The Bob Marley Collection* can sell for $14.99, while Island's official *Songs of Freedom* box retails for more than $40. San Juan vice president Mike Chernow admits that the Marley estate doesn't benefit from San Juan-licensed releases except through publishing royalties paid to Island.

Meanwhile, the proliferation of unauthorized Wailers releases has spun out of control. There are literally hundreds of cassette and CD titles bearing the Marley name that do not pay royalties to *anyone*—not to the Marley or Tosh estates, nor to Bunny Wailer. You can see these shoddily produced releases selling for as little as three dollars on the streets of New York.

Most of the unauthorized albums recycle the same 50 or so songs recorded in the '60s and early '70s, and although the sound quality is vastly inferior to legitimate product—some CDs even have skips and other surface noise, removing any doubt that they've been lifted straight from vinyl—they're making an impact on the market. That Bob Marley accounted for 19 of the top 50 best-selling releases on *Billboard* magazine's first national reggae charts last July is no surprise. What's intriguing is that six of the 19 titles came from companies other than Island, which are not authorized by either the Marley or Tosh estates or Bunny Wailer.

Factories in Holland, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, the Czech Republic, and Israel are now cranking out cassettes and CDs of the early Wailers material, as are plants in New Jersey, California, and throughout Canada. Independent Marley archivist Roger Steffens says he met a guy in Amsterdam who showed him a collection of more than 300 Marley bootlegs.

Though Island's Marley catalogue ends up selling more units each year than the one before, Blackwell says the bootleg phenomenon is a "nightmare." He estimates that unauthorized releases outsell the official albums by a ratio of four to one. In all of Africa, he says, Island has total legitimate sales of less than 100,000. Yet the well-heeled record mogul believes that Africans possess as many as 8 million homemade cassettes. These figures are particularly troublesome because when Blackwell acquired Marley's musical assets, he also took on the responsibiliry of trying to enforce payment of royalties on behalf of the estate. "It's a war on piracy," says Island's Norbury.

Blackwell, the man credited with putting reggae on the world map, entered the record business at the age of 20, taking advantage of the early 1960s ska craze by licensing Jamaican hits and rereleasing them in England. He had leased more than a dozen of the early Wailers singles for U.K. distribution, so when Bob, Peter, and Bunny were stranded in London in 1972 after a tour fell through, they sought him out. The group soon formed an alliance with Island, but after two well-received albums (*Catch A Fire* and *Burnin'*), Bunny made it clear that he didn't want to tour anymore and Peter was ready to launch his own career. Moreover, Island saw greater commercial potential for Marley as a solo act with a backing band. The legendary Wailers trio was no more.

As Yoko Ono was accused of breaking up the Beatles, Blackwell is often blamed for destroying the Wailers by hoisting Marley into the spotlight. "Peter was very pissed at Blackwell and annoyed at Bob," says Bob's white rasta sidekick Lee Jaffe, who later managed Tosh and remembers the Bush Doctor calling Blackwell "Whiteworst" to his face. But that was not the worst of Tosh's temper; once, Peter allegedly came after the record mogul with a rusty machete demanding a royalty payment. Bunny, Jaffe adds, "was always angry at Blackwell."

Just how long the Wailers' three-way partnership continued is the crux of Bunny's dispute with Island. Bunny insists that it was never dissolved, and that "Blackwell used Tuff Gong without getting the legitimate rights."

Blackwell dismisses Bunny Wailer's assertions as "just nonsense." He says that Tuff Gong, after being set up by Tosh, Marley, and Livingstone in 1970, "lapsed very early on. After leaving the Wailers in 1973, Peter had his own label, Intel-Diplo, and Bunny had his own label, Solomonic. Bob had Tuff Gong. *Survival*, Bob's next-to-last studio album, was released on the Tuff Gong label in Jamaica, as were many Marley singles throughout the 1970s. Bob's recording studio was called Tuff

THE WANDERING WAILERS

Ten years before they became international stars, the Wailers were a tight-knit group steering a course through the show-biz rat race.

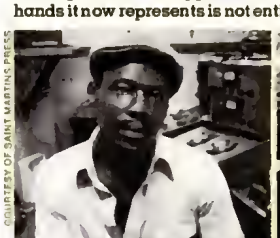
SIR COXSONE Marley, Tosh, and Livingston joined forces in the early 1960s. At an impromptu audition, they impressed Clement "Sir Coxsone" Dodd, owner of a major sound system and Kingston's home of the hits, Studio One. "They had such a youthful, fresh, surly kind of teenage sound," recalls the studio owner. Dodd says they wanted to be called the Juveniles, but he advised them to change the name to the Wailing Wailers. They recorded about 100 tunes at Studio One.

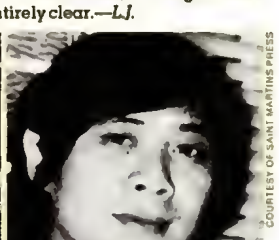
WAIL'N'SOUL'M Bob convinced Peter and Bunny that they should start their own record company, Wail'N'Soul'M. Aside from the Wailers, the only other act on Wail'N'Soul'M was a female trio called the Soulettes, featuring none other than Rita Marley, Bob's new bride. Significantly, Wail'N'Soul'M's very first release featured the famous three-handed logo. Wail'N'Soul'M failed due to lack of distribution (the artists often delivered records personally by bicycle).

LESLIE KONG The Wailers reluctantly began recording in late 1967 for producer Leslie Kong, the Chinese-Jamaican entrepreneur who had released Marley's first two singles. Kong had a great ear, but he was notorious for his business practices, and his partnership with the Wailers was short-lived. In 1971, Bunny discovered Kong's plans to release an album titled *Best of the Wailers* and went ballistic. He predicted Kong's death if he were to proceed with his plan. The record was released and, sure enough, within several weeks, the 38-year-old Kong died suddenly of a heart attack, though he never had any previous health problems.

LEE "SCRATCH" PERRY The Wailers next hooked up with producer Lee "Scratch" Perry, a brilliant engineer who had just left Coxsone, after working at Studio One since the 1950s. Perry was something of a mad genius who reportedly buried freshly pressed records in the soil and let tapes bake in the sun to make their sound more potent. Bunny now fumes at the mere mention of the producer's name: "Lee Perry doesn't have the rights to anything. Lee Perry never played a note, Lee Perry never spent a dime. Lee Perry don't have shit. All these albums say Lee Perry wrote 'Keep On Moving' and all the others. All hullshit!" Nevertheless, Perry has gone so far as to register himself with BMI, the New York-based performing-rights society, as author of 174 compositions, "Small Axe" and "Duppy Conqueror" among them. These two songs are also registered with BMI competitor ASCAP under Bob Marley's name. Go figure.

TUFF GONG Regardless of their differences, the Wailers' singles on Perry's Upsetter label created a Jamaican sensation. Bob, Peter, and Bunny found that their music was in demand and, in 1970, they finally had the resources to start the company Tuff Gong—a name Marley earned for his fierceness as a street fighter—which they kept in operation for Jamaican releases even after signing with Chris Blackwell and Island Records in 1972. The logo of three interlocking hands still appears from time to time, although whose hands it now represents is not entirely clear.—*L.J.*


Coxsone


Kong


Blackwell



COURTESY OF SAINT MARTINS PRESS

COURTESY OF SAINT MARTINS PRESS

COURTESY OF ISLAND RECORDS

Gong."Blackwell believes that if Bob were alive, Bunny wouldn't dare sue. "Because he's not there, people feel they can make some kind of noise."

"Tuff Gong Records has been tampered with by Chris Blackwell, or whoever he claims gave him the authoriry through the Bob Marley Foundation, which he founded," retorts Wailer. "That's tampering and interfering with a company that was started by myself, Bob, and Peter, of which I am now the only remaining shareholder and director," he intones. "It's very setious."

Just how serious was made clear in an advertisement that Bunny placed in the Jamaican newspapet *The Gleaner* in November 1992 (one month after the release of the *Songs of Freedom* box set, which has sold some 330,000 copies). Titled "Tuff Gong Restoration," the ad announces the "previously appointed officers" for the Tuff Gong board. These include Bunny Wailer and two attorneys who, the ad asserts, control Caribbean rights to all Marley records, including releases on which Bunny never played or sang. At the bottom of the ad appears the cautionary tale of "The Wailing Wall of Jerusalem," a pointed parable possibly directed at Blackwell and Polygram: "No foreigners may enter within the screen and enclosure around the holy place. Whoever is caught trespassing will himself be the cause of death overtaking him. A polite way of saying, 'Trespasser will be executed.'"

Blackwell remains adamant on this point: Island secured all necessary copyrights for both the *Songs of Freedom* and *Tougher Than Tough* box sets before releasing them. Island's way of resolving the tangle of conflicting copyrights was to decide that former Marley manager Danny Sims—and not Lee Perry—was the one who needed to be "dealt with" for the post-Coxsone, pre-Island tracks. According to Blackwell, Island paid Sims $3.2 million for licensing, back royalties, and his publishing catalogue of Marley songs. Bunny Wailer says that Sims "doesn't have any legitimate rights. He wasn't defending the Wailers' artistic rights."

The Tosh estate, which supports 10 children as well as Peter's mother, is also joining Bunny's suit against Island. Pauline Morris, Tosh's first cousin, grew up in the same Trench Town house as Peter. "I remember Bob and Bunny would come by my mother's cabinet shop to pick up Peter," she says. "They've always been more like a family than a group. They were brothers."

Since 1983, Morris has overseen the Tosh estate's business affairs. In an interview at her downtown Manhattan office, she explains the decision to sue: "The Marleys—really Chris Blackwell—approached us and approached Bunny with X amount of dollars. We are refusing it.... It's almost insulting our intelligence."

Bunny's crusade to take over Tuff Gong is understandably unpopular with the Marley family and others now affiliated with the company. "[Bunny's] crazy," says Rita Marley. "He's just like the bootleggers who want to capitalize on things that do not belong to them. Everybody went off on their own individual career. Why at this stage? We saw Bob work for this, while Bunny sit at home and get high. If Bob was alone, maybe [I could understand Bunny's claim], but Bob is not alone. He has a family and a world of people behind him."

Marley's eldest daughter, Cedella, left the Melody Makers tour last fall to become managing director of Tuff Gong. She says the record company needed "a kind of young-blood push," which she's providing by signing new Jamaican artists. Well-adjusted and ambitious, Cedella seems unfazed by all the mental baggage that goes along with having such a revered figure for a father. Of the Bunny situation, she says, "I'm young. I've got long to live. If we have to fight this thing, I'm ready."

Neville Garrick, executive director of the Bob Marley Foundation, says that he can't agree with Bunny's position, either: "As far as I'm concerned, Tuff Gong is Bob, and anything else would be like taking from Bob's kids."





Bunny Wailer (top): "I am the only remaining shareholder and director." Rita Marley (bottom): "He's crazy."

In the summer of 1992, Neville's house was chosen as a neutral meeting place for Blackwell and Bunny to discuss the *Songs of Freedom* collection, which was due to be teleased in less than two months. "I wanted to know why [Blackwell] should be using the name Tuff Gong," recalls Bunny. "Chris Blackwell just cut the meeting short and said he didn't come to discuss any of that stuff. He left a piece of paper listing a hundred or so tracks and said to check off which songs I sang on, and then he left."

To make sure Bunny would be properly compensated, Blackwell says he wanted him to explain his contributions to the box set "while there was still time to make adjustments. I petsonally gave him a cassette of all the tracks." The Island chairman says he has no knowledge of Bunny's charge that his vocals on "Iron Lion Zion," a popular single from the Island box set, were wiped off. Trevor Wyatt, who compiled the set for Island, confirms that "there's no Bunny on 'Iron Lion Zion.' The tape we found only had Bob's voice." He admits that it's possible Bunny sang on another take of the tune, but Island never found such a version.

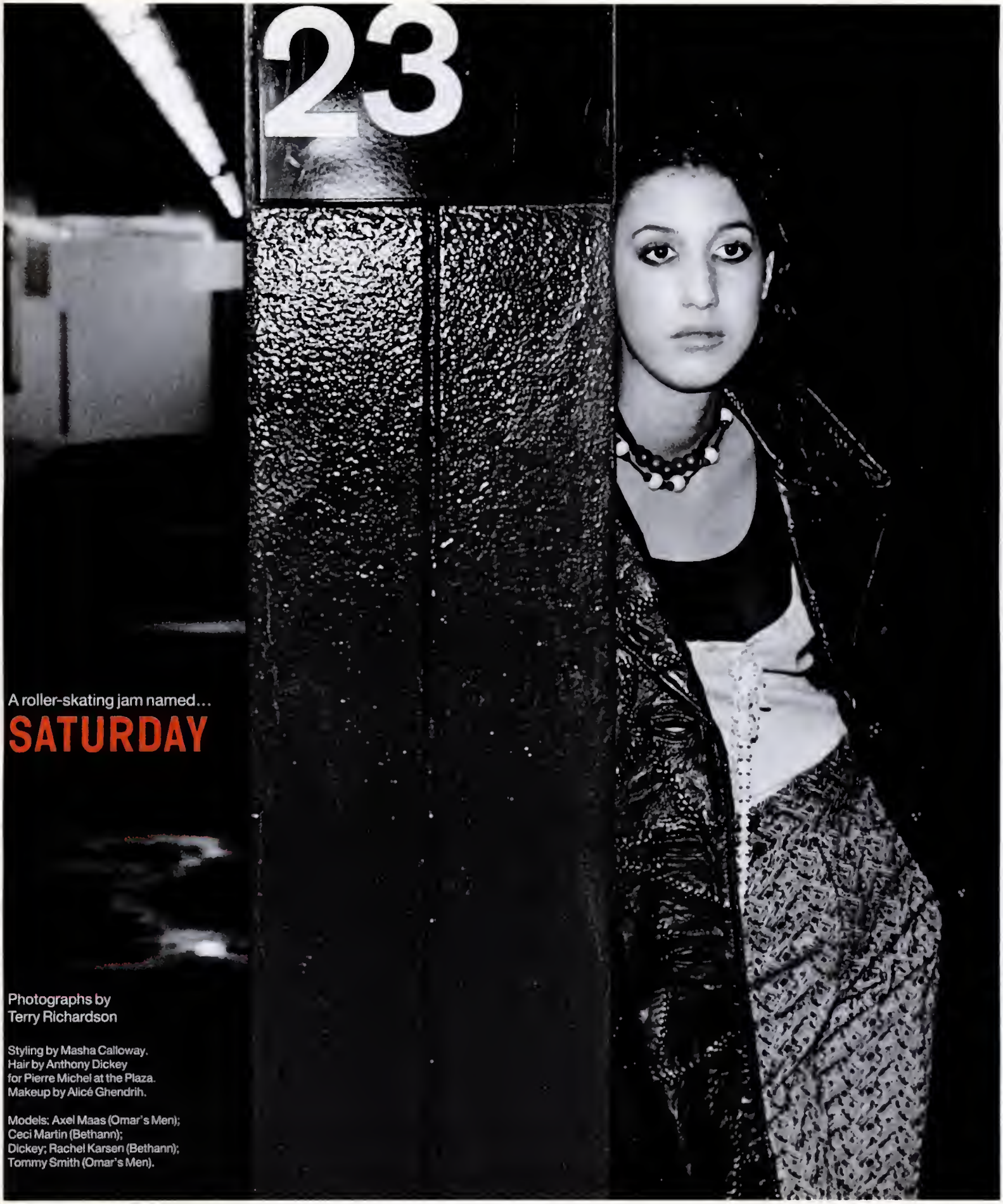
Rita Marley wonders whether unauthorized releases can ever be controlled. "It's annoying. I see it everywhere. Just last week in Spain, I saw a Bob Marley compilationof Coxsone [material]. I could not contain myself. I asked, 'Where did you get this?'" The shopkeeper didn't know who she was, and Rita didn't identify herself. "The guy said he bought it. I said, 'Naturally, but from where?'" He didn't answer.

Cedella also sees "millions of people" making T-shirts with her father's face on them. She says she understands the root cause of the bootlegging problem: "Especially here in Jamaica, I try to be one and one with people. One man thinks he's not making enough money, so he's going to press a few extra records and sell them himself. It's all over, inside the industry and outside."

Marley biographer Timothy White, the editor-in-chief of *Billboard*, says that his several encounters with Marley lead him to believe that if the artist were still alive, "he'd be both very flattered and quite annoyed [over the unauthorized recordings]. I suspect he would be focused on the here and now. That was his range of reactions during his lifetime. He didn't get tied up in knots over these types of things. He was very generous with people."

Cedella Marley Booker, Bob's 67-year-old mother, wonders from her Miami home whether the people behind the unauthorized recordings "do it out of love or greed or both." A singer in her own right, Booker has seen the house Bob bought for her threatened in the incessant legal battles. But that much, at least, is over. She tends to refer to her famous son in the present tense and sprinkle her conversation with his lyrics. "Bob and everybody is friends. He give a smile and everybody smile back," she says. "So many ways they rob him, but then he says he's going to 'chase those crazy baldheads out of town.' People should come of one accord and do everything in love, harmony, and honesty, instead of stealing and looting in the name of Bob. Those people doing what they call 'moonlighting' have to wake up themselves to reality. Whatever you do in the darkness must come to light one day. As Bob say in his song, 'Who the cap fit, let him wear it.'" ◘

Larry Jaffee has written for Rolling Stone, Hi Fidelity, *and* High Times. *His collection of Marley bootlegs now numbers 50, and is growing every day.*



A roller-skating jam named...

SATURDAY

Photographs by
Terry Richardson

Styling by Masha Calloway.
Hair by Anthony Dickey
for Pierre Michel at the Plaza.
Makeup by Alicé Ghendrih.

Models: Axel Maas (Omar's Men);
Ceci Martin (Bethann);
Dickey; Rachel Karsen (Bethann);
Tommy Smith (Omar's Men).



Brown fake fur chubby at Cheap Jack's; brown suede tap shorts by Moschino Couture; patchwork shearling vest at Cheap Jack's; metallic thigh-high stockings by E.G. Smith; plastic earrings and fur purse at Screaming Mimi's.



And as De La Soul's Posdnuos said: "Skate roll fest to impress/Hey pretty diamond do you like the way I'm dressed/Cool, keep the faith and be my mate cuz all we need is feet (and roller skates)." Yes! It's Saturday here in Anytown, USA and there you are with your feet and skates and attitude and all the rest, as though no one's ever done it before in exactly this way, feeling this way, looking like you and you know what, it's Saturday, and it's all true.



Gray sleeveless sweater by Yukio Kobayashi for Matsuda; green and black long-sleeve velour top by Kalinka; brown leather trousers at Cheap Jack's; necklace by Me and Ro.

Below right: (Center) Blue satin tuxedo jacket at Cheap Jack's; print shirt by Yukio Kabayashi for Matsuda; yellow satin cap by 2B! (Right) Vinyl jacket by Junior Gaultier; yellow satin jackat at Cheap Jack's; striped jeans by g-Gigli.







Brown suede belt with metal studs by Dolce and Gabbana.

Blue tie-dys thermal top by Front 7; striped boxer shorts by Jockey International, Adidas sweatpants at Screaming Mimi's



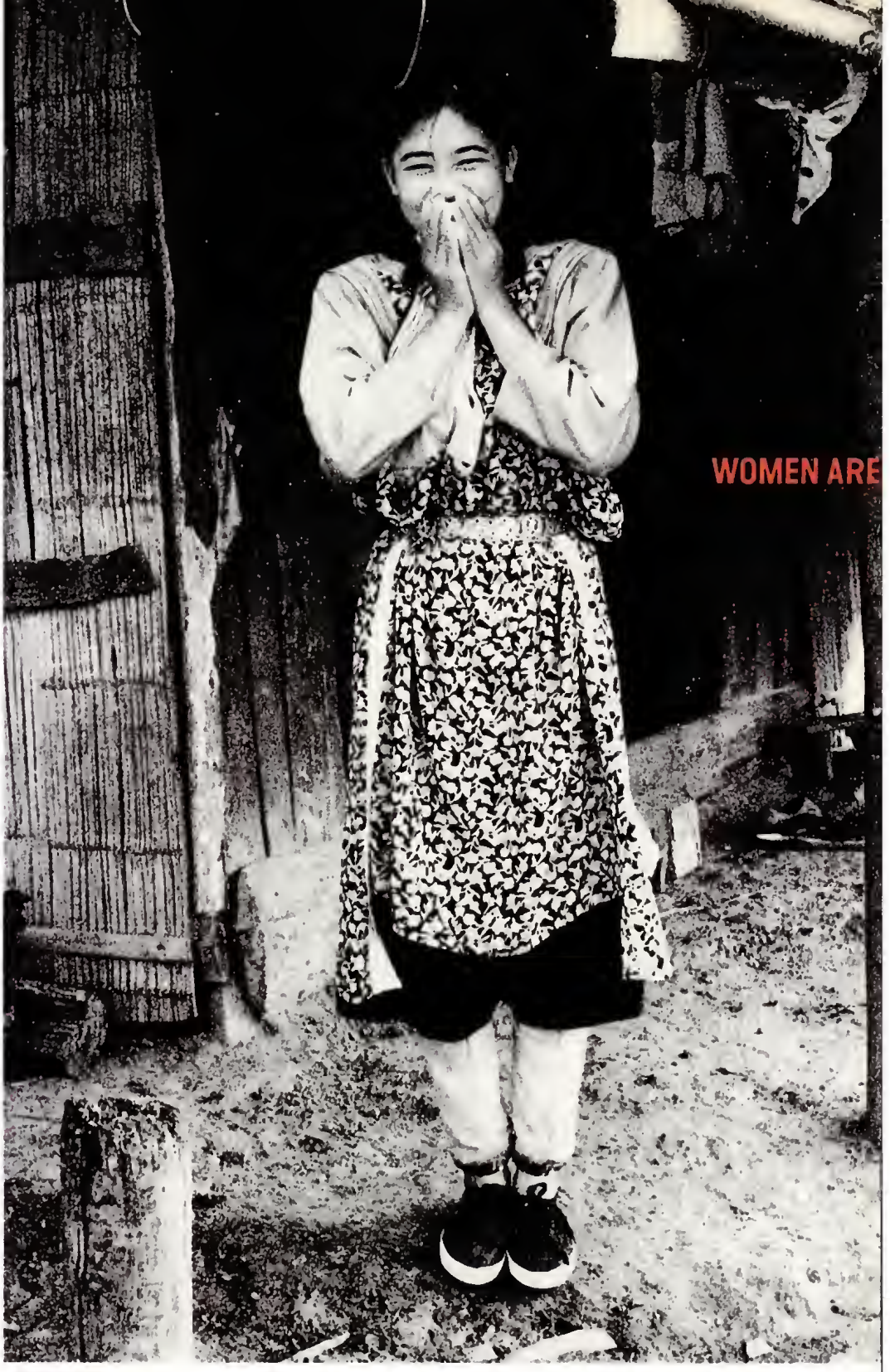
Patchwork short-sleevs sweater by Manolo; plastic link belt by Intergalactic Plastic.



B Beige jersey jean jacket by Junior Gaultier, orange camouflage hunter's cap by 2B!



I) (Left) Gray shearling coat at Cheap Jack's; crochet helmet hat by Lori Klammer at TG 170; shoes "Air Diamond Turf" by Nike (Right) Gray wool poncho with fringe by Dolce and Gabbana; lizard cowboy boots by Justin Boots.



GEAR

STREET NOYZ

Baseball caps designed by and for the kids who wear them.



It's the talk of the town. Lots of kids are down with Street Noyz, a subsidiary of Signatures by Eds West. What all started with Signatures President Ray Coppola's vision of having something cool on the street has now blown up into the hottest thing in New York City high schools.

Coppola and other executives came up with the plan to have students design baseball caps. Someone told him about the High School of Art and Design, which agreed to participate, and Street Noyz launched the first of its ongoing competitions. Now, because of the caps' popularity, the company has managed to make these kids kings of the streets.



Imagine winning the first-prize jackpot of $5,000 for having the flyest design in your class. Or winning third place like Victor Osorio, who got $2,000 for his "Funkie Child" cap (above right) last year and now has a part-time gig designing for Street Noyz.

"It's the faces of the kids that make it all worthwhile," says Valerie Angelico, account executive at Street Noyz. "I see this as the wave of the future."



It's a phat collection of creative concepts and it's spreading nationwide. Heavy D's "Big" cap, MC Breed wearin' his "Ankh" cap on the cover of *The New Breed*, and the legendary "Lo-Lifes" flag cap (third from right) are all in da hood. *Bönz Malone*







BEAUTIFUL



The above title, taken from photographer Garry Winogrand's seminal book from the '70s, describes, in sum, the women captured here in various guises and states of emotional undress—joy, reflection—mirrored in clothing styles from around the world: in Thailand (left) and New York (above), proving that around-the-way girls are where you find them.





JO ANN TOY

CRIB

PHARCYDE MANOR

Chillin' in Silverlake with the bachelor B-boys.

Last summer the original Pharcyde Manor was a nonstop house party. All the friends, groupies, and good times got to be too much. So last fall, Imani, Slim Kid Tre, Booty Brown, and Fat Lip decided to vacate the graffitied clubhouse and move to the Los Angeles Silverlake-Los Feliz foothills. Now, the quartet live on a quiet, tree-lined street in a modest, single-family house surrounded by a black iron fence. In the driveway sits a bright goldenrod jeep tagged with a Pharcyde sticker on the bumper. (Hint: B-boys are in the house.)

The inside looks like an ordinary suburban home—plush mauve carpet, dark wood paneling, a majestic mantel and fireplace—except there's no furniture. "We might get some big pillows and beanbags," says Booty Brown. "Some people need lots of furniture to feel at home, but we really just like having space to dance."

Not a problem. The dining room is also empty, except for a boombox, a Wu-Tang Clan CD, and blunt ashes all on the floor. "This is the dining area," Imani says, "but we don't dine, so this is where we dance."

It's amazing that four wildly individual artists can work, travel, and live together without slaughtering each other. Yet, the Pharcyde seem to make it work, and have created private sanctuaries within the house.

Imani's mellow retreat is dominated by a large brown cardboard box that he refers to as his meditation chamber. "I get inside and look through my third eye when I want to be alone and chill," he says. Imani's a clotheshorse, so the rest of his room is packed with T-shirts, jeans, baseball caps, and a fresh pair of Adidas for every mood.

Booty Brown says his room has a "futuristic nightclub feel." Black lights turn his royal blue walls violet and deepen the cherry red of his carpet and matching ceiling. There's no disco ball, but silver metallic pillows on his waterbed do the trick.

Slim Kid Tre's space is like a tropical greenhouse filled with cacti and sunshine. "There's something going down with me and cacti," he muses. "They're much like me, I guess: cool, peaceful to see from a distance. But get up in their world too fast and you'll get hurt."

Fat Lip's room is a stark, high-tech video world. He and Pharcyde comanager Suave have their eyes fixed on an ultramodern, wide-screen Sony television/stereo system that projects Rudy Ray Moore's raw 1970s Dolemite film *The Human Tornado*. "Believe me, having this state-of-the-art setup has nothing to do with an appreciation for television," Fat Lip says. "I just shoot and watch lots of videos."

The group is planning to build a recording studio in the basement so they can work at home. "Being able to make music at any time is better than having to find everyone," says Fat Lip. Imani adds, "Living together is cheaper, too."

Juliana Bolden



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNALISA



JEAN SPLICING

The straight-up truth about denim.

When I was in junior high school, I wore straight-leg Levis. This was around '79, '80, when all the hip black boys were sporting boot-leg Lees, the ones that flared out a bit over the requisite Adidas or Pumas. I got teased. Mercilessly. But I did have my revenge a couple of years later, when everyone was featuring straight-leg Levis, creased to within an inch of their stylishly rugged lives.

Somewhere in there we did the designer jean thing: Jordache, Corniche, Tale Lord (with the multicolored stitching on the pockets), and especially Calvin Klein, with the simple, classic white label on the ass pocket. Folks used to say that Calvins were perfect for black boys, ass shape and size, and all that.

People take their jeans very seriously. Why shouldn't they? There aren't many clothing items that can be simultaneously sexy and all-purpose (except, that is, for the little black dress, but, well, that's another story). Nowadays, kids have an even wider array of jeans styles to choose from. Particularly in these baggy craze days: those poor kids who had to settle for husky-sized Wranglers back in the day can now hide their girth in jeans cut so big, they could be flown like kites. And the gadgets! Jeans have to hold, in no particular order: a pager, a Wizard, a cellular, a wallet, and, sometimes (well, let's be honest here) a gun.

So everyone's in on the jeans act. From the Seventh Avenue fashion stars like Ralph Lauren to ghettowear kingpins like the Cross Colours posse, the choice, as Black Sheep intoned with their jeans bunched down around their boots, is yours. You could teach your child to count with all the numbered styles available from the House of Levi. And for all the black boys out there with the, ahem, ass problem, the word on the street is that Girbauds fit us best. *Scott Poulson-Bryant*

Love Jeans.
Free Jeans.
GAP





PILLBOX HATS

Remember loving Lucy as tha Vita-Maata-Vegamin girl? "Are you run-down and listless? Do you poop out at parties?" Lucy asked, not forseeing the day when the question, "Are you on Prozac or just fabulous?" would be standard party chat,



GEAR

BAG IT

Over the years, backpacks have become ubiquitous. Originally campers' carryalls, '80s preppy culture made them socially acceptable. Trend, anyone? Club kids danced with their knapsacks for the *look*. Ravers used the bags to carry candy, water, and drugs to their all-night parties. Rappers took to the stage strapped with packs. Now businessmen, housewives, tourists, and grandmothers all wear backpacks.

Today, you can get knapsacks that do double duty as vests, jackets, briefcases, or purses. The Mossimo nylon bag (shown here) stretches into a duffel bag. Now, you can go from the classroom to a world tour with only one bag. Carry on.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JO ANN TOY



MICHAEL BERNAL

PUNK REDUX?

Punk is passé, yes, but actively so in the beyond-retro looks captured (above) at several New York nightspots erected long after the demise of what "real" punk once meant—Parisian chanteuse-turned-'90s-holistic-healer Edwige wearing a live dog around her neck as "jewelry." God save the Queen? Or just her accessories?



JANET: In 1984, the youngest Jackson married James DeBarge. (The union was annulled the next year.) Two years later, she lost weight, gained hair, and was in *Control*. Last year, she went from a gum-popping banji girl in *Poetic Justice* to a sexy siren in her Broadway-like *janet.* concerts.

TEN YEARS LATER

THE SISTERS JACKSON

REBBIE: Ten years ago, the oldest Jackson released her hit "Centipede." Now, she's the strong, sensible, silent sister. (Smart woman.)

LA TOYA: The middle Jackson sister (bless her heart) is the black sheep of the family. She hasn't released a record since 1984's *Heart Don't Lie*, but she's still in the limelight. Being a cabaret singer, centerfold, aerobics video star, and family basher has kept her busy.



PHOTOGRAPHE BY JO ANN TOY

TECH

PLEASURE SET

"Shut up already, damn," was Prince's truest credo on "Housequake," and isolation, as we all know, is a very necessary balm for the nine-to-five bump and grind. In those moments, when you don't want to curl up with a loved one *right now!*, Sony's Video Walkman, available at all consumer electronic chains nationwide (call 1-800-342-5721 for more information) is the archetypal love toy for the '90s. First of all, it's bigger than most sex gadgets and much more pleasing, being a TV and VCR in one, which works pretty much the way everyone else's TV and VCR works, except it's yours, under the blankets, alone. Which is to say you can record from the television and your bigger, more public VCR, too. There are 2,000 movie titles available to fit the Walkman's 8mm format which amounts, roughly, to 4,000 hours of personal, limited-contact servicing.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JO ANN TOY

The phat Reggae Dancehall Explosion







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THE BIG PICTURE: CUBA GOODING JR.

Who could forget Cuba Gooding Jr.'s stunning film debut as Tre Styles in *Boyz N the Hood*? After being taunted with a pistol by the LAPD, he runs into the arms of his girlfriend, punching the air in anger, collapsing into tears with rage. It was a sensitivity black men are rarely given the opportunity to portray, but the kind that everyone—male and female—can understand. In *Lightning Jack*, his new action-adventure, Gooding adds that sensitivity and depth to Ben Doyle, a mute character who goes West to learn the ins and outs of being an outlaw. "It's weird not having lines," Gooding says, "but it gave me the opportunity to concentrate on other things. My whole gig is reacting."

His next gig will have one crucial line: "I do." This month, Gooding will marry his girlfriend of seven years. While she's his leading lady, she's not in the biz. "She's a teacher's aide at an elementary school," he says proudly. "A lot of my friends aren't in show business." And as Gooding's own show-biz career blows up, he doesn't take his working-actor status for granted. "I'm so appreciative, and intoxicated by this," Gooding muses. "As an actor, you're always surprised when you're working. You get paid to go on a million auditions. You act for free." *Veronica Chambers*

DREAMING CINEMA

BY SCOTT POULSON-BRYANT

GANGSTA LEAN

Somewhere in the loud, comic-book escapades of *New Jack City*, there were flashes of real feeling, of grace. Think back to the roof scene between big-time dealers Nino Brown and Gee Money, their brotherly relationship on the skids, their dreams as dead as Gee Money is about to be. As played by Wesley Snipes and Allen Payne, the scene crackles with a somber, fiery fury; Snipes's tears register as full and ambiguous as life



***Brothers gonna work it out?:* Wesley Snipes *and* Michael Wright *in* Sugar Hill**

itself. As good as those performances are, they don't save the *New Jack City* production from an overwhelming triflingness: What could have been a giddily violent ride through the terrain of human destruction turns into a stock-issue gangster tale riddled with bullet holes of inconsistency and silliness.

Well, Wesley Snipes is back in gangster mode in *Sugar Hill*. After cavorting around the Hollywood landscape in projects that often seemed beneath his talents, Snipes was ripe for some of screenwriter Barry Michael Cooper's dark, urban poetry. As Roemello Skuggs, a Harlem dealer who wants out of the game, Snipes plays his quiet side: Where Nino was all technicolor beats-and-scratches, Roemello is sepia toned, a muted horn. Michael Wright, as Roemello's older brother Raynathan, gets the showy role here. He carves an impression so deep into the frame, his outline seems to remain in a shot long after he's left the scene.

Ray and Roemello grew up in Harlem with a heroin-addicted mother and a drug-abusing musician father mixed up in the drug game. In flashbacks, we get the Skuggs saga—their mother's death (right before their eyes), their father's beating, Roemello's revenge—and how the sins of the father are visited upon the sons, in the form of a twisted heirloom of power amid decay. Plot-wise, *Sugar Hill* follows a familiar road: Gangster doesn't want to gang-bang anymore, he wants out, but they *keep pulling him back in*. *The Godfather Part III*, anyone? *Carlito's Way*, perhaps? Who can you trust? Where do you turn? Director Leon Ichaso wisely fleshes out the script's operatic cadences and emphasizes the lusty, unsparing black psychology on which the tale hangs. (*Sugar Hill* is so musically fluid, it sings.) What reinvigorates the familiar here is Cooper's willingness to explore black male insecurities with flavor *and* sensitiviry. The Skuggs are lost little boys, essentially, playing a man's game. Shortly before *Sugar Hill*'s powerful, tragic finale, Raynathan articulates a heartbreaking love plea to Roemello as the flashing neon of a nightclub swirls around them. In that scene, we know where the Skuggs come from, where they are, and where they're going.

Quiet as it's kept, gangster rap records have actually done a better job than the movies at displaying this sense of emotional loss, at finding a way to articulate the facts of the heart as well as the heart of the facts. The Geto Boys' "Mind Playing Tricks on Me" and "Six Feet Deep" and Ice Cube's "Dead Homiez" come to mind. It's become too easy to relate what the menace to society *does*, rather than to examine what he actually *is*. We know how black gangsters fuck, how they shoot, how they bogart like the kings of the urban jungle. It's rare in the new jack '90s to see and hear how they feel.

FILM

BIG MAC ATTACK

Comedian Bernie Mac is no joke

You can't intimidate Bernie Mac. He makes that clear as soon as he storms the stage, screaming, "*I ain't scared of you motherfuckers!*"

He's not kidding. Nothing seems to ruffle his boxers, whether it's a rowdy comedy-club audience or the challenge of playing his first dramatic role— that of a homeless man who gets his throat slit, no less—in *Above the Rim*, co-starring Tupac Shakur.

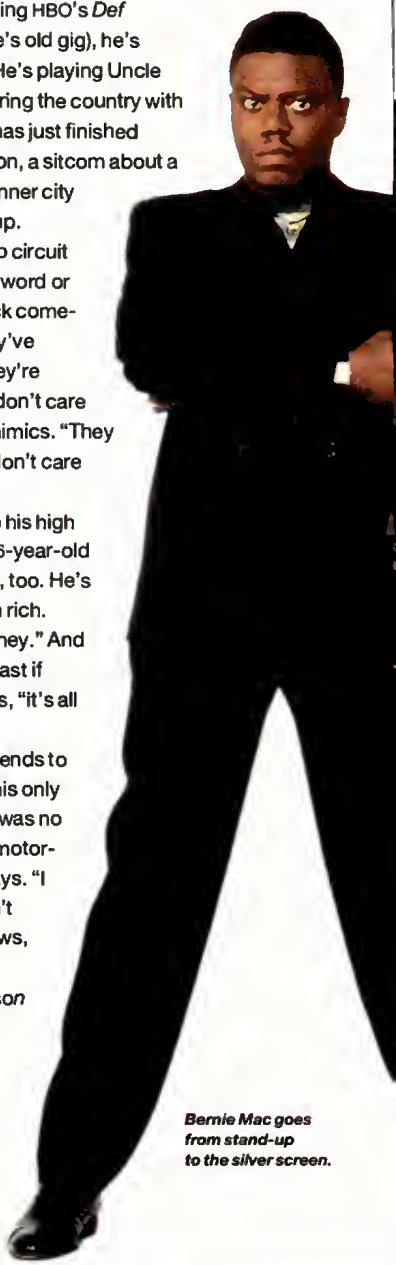
Ever since Mac started hosting HBO's *Def Comedy Jam* (Martin Lawrence's old gig), he's become a Hollywood darling. He's playing Uncle Vesters in *House Party 3*, is touring the country with his own act, *Who Ya' Wit*, and has just finished shooting a pilot for Fox television, a sitcom about a successful lawyer living in the inner city neighborhood where he grew up.

Having worked the stand-up circuit for the last 15 years, Mac has a word or two to say about all the new jack comedians entering the scene. "They've been doin' it two weeks and they're tryin' to get a sitcom. But they don't care 'cause, '*I'm gettin' paid*,'" he mimics. "They steal people's jokes, but they don't care 'cause, '*I'm gettin' paid*.'"

Now Mac, who is married to his high school sweetheart and has a 16-year-old daughter, is finally getting paid, too. He's become fond of saying, "I been rich. Now, I'm just makin' a little money." And his wife keeps his books. "At least if she's stealin' from me," he says, "it's all in the family."

Even though Mac's humor tends to be on the blue side, that's not his only routine. "When I started, there was no black clubs. I played schools, motorcycle clubs, gay arenas," he says. "I can play for any audience. Don't matter which way the wind blows, long as I get a breeze."

Laura Jamison



Bernie Mac goes from stand-up to the silver screen.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRE LAMBERTSON

Flipping the script: Screenwriter Barry Michael Cooper

FILM

STREET SMARTS

From the mind of a Harlemite comes Sugar Hill *and* Above the Rim

Barry Michael Cooper figures that Wilson's Bakery and Restaurant, on the corner of 158th and Amsterdam, has two main attractions: the best salmon croquers in Manhattan and bullerproof glass. He should know. Before he became an award-winning street reporter and a sought-after screenwriter—*New Jack City*, and the upcoming *Sugar Hill* (20th Century Fox) and *Above the Rim* (New Line Cinema)—Cooper says he wasn't much different from the kids on the avenue playing the perilous drug game. Without looking up from his breakfast, he taps the window with the end of his fork. "Atmosphere," he says.

That kind of attention to detail, and the skills to express it, got him off Harlem's mean streets. "From the ages of 14 to 22, I had a definite problem," he admits. "I was basically on drugs—sniffing cocaine, smoking reefer. Crack wasn't out there yet so the thing that had that gangster glamor was angel dust. I never sold drugs but I knew the guys that did." How did he survive? Through the strength of his family, Cooper says. In his household, he recalls, "There was always a sense of faith, of having a very strong spiritual compass. No matter what I was doing out in the street, no matter how high I was getting, that voice was always with me, nagging at me."

He pauses to catch himself. "I also got my appreciation of art from my parents." Whether it was his mother's gospel or his father's jazz records, he was always surrounded by music, and these days he's as committed to it as he is to film: Cooper produces West Coast rapper/singer Qym Trasy Doby and has directed videos for Jeff Redd and Unity 2, among others. But at the moment, he's hyped on his salmon and his new movie's intimate look at the life of a Harlem family destroyed by the drug trade. "There are things in *Sugar Hill* that only guys who were Uptown scramblin' would know," he says, "like having dust parties in the Polo Grounds. People would throw a party, roll up spliffs of angel dust, and use them as candles in a cake. Not many people remember that."

Ten years ago, Cooper moved to Baltimore to be with his future wife, to raise a family, and, like expatriate writers of the past, to allow him to get a better handle on his Harlem home. *Sugar Hill* and *Above the Rim*, loosely based on Uptown's legendary Rucker basketball tournament, grew out of the screenwriter's memories and reflections. On the sidewalk after breakfast, a passerby asks Cooper if he's a movie star. "No," he answers, "I'm just a regular guy." Spotting the photographer, the brother's not having it. "You're no regular guy," he says as he keeps walking down the Harlem street. *Gary Dauphin*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT SEBREE

FILM

SCAR NONE

Alice Walker's Warrior Marks

Alice Walker, Pratibha Parmar, and a three-woman film crew trekked through small villages in Senegal, the Gambia, Burkina Faso, and big cities in England and the United States to interview women about female genital mutilation. In *Warrior Marks*, a documentary on what is known euphemistically as "female circumcision," Pulitzer Prize-winning author Walker and award-winning director Parmar join forces to explore this embattled cultural and political ground with lyrical filmmaking, poetry, and hard facts.

"What I had, I realized only as a consciously feminist adult, was a patriarchal wound," says Walker, sitting before the camera in her California home, speaking of a childhood incident that left her blind in one eye. "The fact that I learned to rebalance, to continue, to go on with my life...means I have by now turned my wound into a warrior mark." As the film's narrator, Walker connects female genital mutilation with other forms of violence, both explicit and internalized. It might look like the West is free of such "barbaric" rituals, but, Walker asks, what do we do to ourselves when we bleach our skin, straighten our hair, have cosmetic surgery?

The film and companion book, subtitled *Female Genital Mutilation and the Sexual Blinding of Women* (Harcourt Brace), were produced in urgent response to the fact that each year millions of women are systematically mutilated. *Warrior Marks* focuses on African Muslim women as the most obvious targets of the practice. But clitoridectomy (the removal of the clitoris and all or part of the labia minora) and infibulation (the excision of the majority of the vulva, then sewing the remains shut) endure as customs throughout the Middle East, parts of east Asia, India, and Pakistan.

About 80 million women now live with the physical and psychological scars of "circumcision," according to a *New York Times* editorial. Countless have died to death or died from disease due to infected wounds. Walker, African American, and Parmar, Anglo Indian, have been criticized for Western meddling. But this furious, fierce duo passionately feel that violence against one



On line: Girls facing a brutal ritual

group of women affects all women because there's a connection between peoples scattered throughout the diaspora. In the film, sisters of all ages and backgrounds step to the mike one after another to say, "Torture is not culture."

Beth Coleman

VIDEODROME

BY CHARLES AARON

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

When a white, Long Island politician recently used the pejorative "animal" to describe a black man who opened fire on a Long Island Rail Road train (killing six passengers), the necessary objections were raised. Lazy-minded officeholders can't blithely invoke such dehumanizing images without causing a fuss. But it's not so simple when black pop artists do the same. Should we be offended, amused, pissed off, or saddened when artists treat themselves, at best, like Noble Savages, and at worst, like wild dogs scampering across vacant lots?

Snoop Doggy Dogg has become a mainstream-media cause célèbre in the months following his indictment for murder, and the release of his offensive, amusing, pissed off, and sad debut, *Doggystyle*. He's been studied like a gangsta Mowgli who just dropped into the white man's global village, and in his video for "What's My Name?," Snoop plays along obediently. Morphing from human to animal and back during the course of the clip, he feeds off the most cynical stereotypes imposed on young black men, and becomes a silly, bitch-pantin' pooch. OK, so he and his posse elude the dog catchers (i.e., cops) in a crude slapstick. Fine. Big whoop.



A portrait of the artist: Snoop Doggy Dog, mid-morph between pooch and man

Directed by Fab 5 Freddy, the video finishes the job of transforming Snoop —an intelligent, troubled artist—into a disposable cartoon who disrespects his own complexity. Reality as a dog-billiards painting come to life. It's been said that if convicted, Snoop will be reduced to a symbol. From the looks of "What's My Name," he's already taken care of that himself.

"What's My Name" brings to mind Michael Jackson's obstinately misunderstood "Black or White," now available on home video in *Michael Jackson Dangerous: The Short Films* (Epic). The not-yet-defrocked "King of Pop" danced himself into a rage, smashed a car, and threw a garbage can through a store window before morphing into a black panther. Here, an artist thought to be a freak with closeted emotions used the imagery of a militant political group to unlock his most visceral passions. It was a thrilling catharsis.

Like Snoop and Michael, Naughty by Nature's Treach is complex and problematic, but has a much more focused video identity, playing the frowning, remorseless cad of "O.P.P." against the frowning, remorseless griot of "Ghetto Bastard." With this combination of poses, along with his chiseled physique, Treach has supplanted L.L. Cool J as hip hop's reigning sex symbol. And in Naughty by Nature's "Written on Ya Kitten" video, he glories in the position.

Here, the actual cats and dogs in the video are lighthearted visual metaphors that take the edge off the song's relentless double-entendres. Treach holds a leash on his straining pit bull (heh, heh), while kitties flit about. The result is a heady bit of sensuality, rather than Snoop's ill-conceived, sociopolitical worldview based on a one-note joke. (New Kids on the Block—now NKOTB—also drop dogs into their "Dirty Dawg" video. Is this yet another feeble attempt to be down?) Also, in 7669's "So High" video, the group's four female vocalists answer Treach by cradling and stroking four Dalmatian puppies while crooning love lyrics in a balmy living room. Outside, it looks like it might start raining cats and dogs any minute.

CLIPS: De La Soul's "Ego Trippin' (Part Two)" is a witty, fluid comment on gangsta blather and 2 Live Crew-influenced new jack butt videos. The three De Las, plus female MC Shorty, dive into the camera's fishbowl and seem perfectly comfy—hip hop with a clever conscience, because that's the way it always should have been. . . . Finally, for a window on the world of self-deluded rock videos, check out the 60-minute *Makin' F@*!ing Videos Part 1*, an insanely overwrought "documentary" about the Guns N' Roses "Don't Cry" clip—you know, not the current "Estranged" in which Axl swims with dolphins, but the one where he trudges across the frozen tundra with a gun, goes to war with Stephanie Seymour, has a picnic on his own grave, meets two of his personalities in a hospital room, and pleads for deliverance while naked and covered with green makeup. You'll be simultaneously transfixed and bored as pathetic egomania meets budgetary hemorrhaging. Possible subtitle: "Where's Izzy?: Notes on a Demagogic Imaginary."

TUBE: WHO'S THAT GUY?

MTV'S SINATRA

Toby Huss proves to be the ultimate lounge lizard

MTV has always kept us plugged in—more with their promos than their actual programming. Now, they've outdone themselves with a parody of Frank Sinatra crooning Cypress Hill's "Insane In the Membrane," Pearl Jam's "Jeremy," and Dr. Dre's "Dre Day." When Ol' Blue Eyes recently released his flat *Duet*s, maybe he should have called Toby Huss, the MTV Sinatra, to plan his comeback.

"I don't want to get my legs broken over this shit," Huss says laughing. "I don't even know if I wanna say yes, I'm doin' a Frank. I think I have to back off of it and say I'm doin' a generic lounge singer."

But it was Sinatra, specifically, who inspired Huss's career. Ten years ago when he was working at a natural gas compression station in southeast Texas, he bought *Frank Sinatra's Greatest Hits!* and "started singin' and goofin' with it." He later moved to New York and began performing "some goofy Frank stuff" at clubs on the Lower East Side. At the same time, he was bartending at the avant-garde performance bar the Knitting Factory, where a group called the Jazz Passengers played. "I thought, damn, it would be great to do some Frank with those guys," he says.



When MTV hired Adam Bernstein, who directed the "Baby Got Back" video, to do their promo work, he insisted on using Huss. After the two shot a couple of commercials, MTV refused to air them unless Huss signed a development deal. He agreed and started writing the Sinatra spoofs. He called up the Jazz Passengers, got himself some filterless cigarettes and a big glass of Jack Daniel's, and started improvising.

Next, he's planning to record a full-length Sinatra single. Says Huss, "I'm hopin' to infiltrate the heads of America's youth with some swingin' jazz stuff." *Emil Wilbekin*

SHOOT

TONI BRAXTON IN NEW YORK



Security is so tight at New York's Supper Club, where the video for Toni Braxton's "Seven Whole Days" will be shot, that a LaFace Records big shot can't get in. "I'm paying for this video," he says. "I don't know that," replies the guard at the door. Toni's four sisters are the background singers in the



Director Marcus Nispel won't be caged in by convention

TUBE: VIDEO DIRECTOR OF THE MONTH

THE ACCIDENTAL AUTEURIST

Marcus Nispel swings from L.L. Cool J to Tony Bennett

I don't do the type of music videos where women in bondage clothes rub themselves orgasmically as the band plays," says ditector Marcus Nispel. Instead, Nispel specializes in the kind of video you can't quite believe you've just seen. Two years ago, his accelerated, style-saturated explosions of image, typography, and humot left videographers struggling to keep up. His vision—as expressed in C+C Music Factory's postapocalyptic "Gonna Make You Sweat" clip or L.L. Cool J's "Six Minutes of Pleasure," filmed in a five-year-old's fantasy toyland—defined a moment, which is all a video auteur can ask these days.

Never one to stand still, Nispel is constantly extending his range: from the B-52's' candy-colotized "Good Stuff" to the first video for classic ctoonet Tony Bennett, "Steppin' Out with My Baby," a deliriously seductive mix of 1940s dance steps and hip hop-paced editing. "Making videos is a little like Japanese brush painting," says the 30-year-old director with more than 100 credits to his name. "It's an accidental process."

Accidental is a good word to desctibe Nispel's whole career. Born in Frankfurt, the son of a German advertising executive, he came to New Yotk on a Fulbright scholarship in computer graphics, hoping to find work at an ad agency. When he got a shot at making the Ashford & Simpson video "I'll Be There Fot You," Nispel was there fot them.

Shreds of Nispel's eclectic background pop up thtoughout his wotk, in fragments of wotld mythology. He placed a towering centaut atop a cityscape in George Michael's "Killer" video, and he seems to have a special fondness fot the multi-armed Hindu deity Kali, which appears in many Nispel ptoductions. The ditectot himself recently opened an office in Hollywood, where he's now seeking out projects "that go beyond four minutes and 33 seconds."

Nispel is mattied to Diane Hume, a black singer-songwritet who appeared as Cool J's leather-clad playmate in "Six Minutes of Pleasure." "We saw that piece as a send-up of the whole idea of machismo," says the directot. "I think L.L. is one of the most talented performers I've ever worked with. It would be intetesting to update *A Star Is Born* with him in the leading role."

Nispel says he wants his work to address "the way the media camouflages what's teally going on out there. Most of this imagery of black kids grabbing theit ctotches and showing guns isn't even coming out of the black community—it's being foisted on them by the media." But, wait a minute, Marcus. Aren't you part of the media, too? "I have a personal motive to fight against these misconceptions," he admits, "aftet all, my kids will be black." *Daniel Pinchbeck*

WORD

JOKER'S WILD

New Jack Poet Paul Beatty hits the big bank

Who is Paul Beatty? He's tha poet laureata of Generation X. He's a lanky, sneakar-wearing homeboy whose witty, multilayered wordplay invitas comparisons to T.S. Eliot, Allen Ginsberg, Amiri Barake, and avary cartoon/rap record/TV show/commarcial you've ever digested. And ha's large, 'cuz with tha arrival of his second volume of poetry, *Joker, Joker, Deuce* (Penguin), Paul Beatty is the first new jack inkslinger to have the mainstream press cross over to *him*.

Not bad for this Los Angalas native who spent much of the 1980s developing his craft at Boston Univarsity and Brooklyn College while bagging a couple of master's degrees. Beatty initially gained attention when he antarad the now-famous "Slam" contast at the Nuyorican Poets Cafe in New York City and was crowned its inaugural champ in 1990. His prize: tha publication of his first book of verse, *Big Bank*

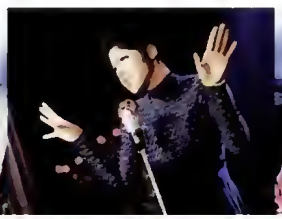


PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES H. SMITH JR.

***Taka Little Bank*. Since then, Beatty taped an MTV poetry spot, toured the country, and dropped soma lyrical bombs on Europe. With *Joker, Joker, Deuce*, Paul Beatty—soft-spokan and modest almost to a fault—solidifies his position as *the* trailblazer of the new poetry movement.**

Kavin Powell









video. (They are supposed to ba forming their own group soon.) Director Lionel Martin explains the next shot to them as an assistant yells at tha handpicked audience. "More energy," she shouts. "You're dead. Come on, people. This is Toni!" Toni arrives onstaga and the crowd comes alive. After one run-through, stylists rush to the stage. Toni carefully checks out her sisters to maka sure they look perfect. "Anything you don't like just let me know," Lionel tells Toni as she watches tha video monitor. Toni's mom is watching tha monitor, too. Four o'clock already and Toni has to catch a plane. "Two more times," promises Lionel. Luckily, both takas are perfect. Toni's finished for the day. She pauses to maka an announcement: "Thank you for making me feel so comfortable. Thank you for making me feel lika Toni Braxton." Everyone claps and she's on her way.

Taxt and photographs by Lisa Leona

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ANGELIQUE KIDJO

Ayé*• *Island/Mango

The questions stick to Benin-born pop singer Angelique Kidjo like a sweaty shirt: Why, when she has the chance to employ some of Africa's most skilled polyrhythmic percussionists, would she choose to make a record using drum machines? Why record with producer David Z at Paisley Park, and at the Soul II Soul studios in London, when the source of so much 20th-century music is so close at hand, in Africa and Paris?

***Ayé*, Kidjo's second U.S. effort, provides plenty of answers. It's a spellbinding one-world statement, a collection of songs that arrive from various intercontinental points of origin but share her singular perspectiva. It argues that the real deal that world music purists pine for is, too often, a relic—folklore for the museum, not music for the dance floor.**

Kidjo refuses to be limited to historical recreation. Her songs blur traces of African ceremonial music, minimalist funk, and air-tight dance-pop production techniques into a sound that is fiercely current and effortlessly fluid. She understands that less is more: using drum loops and simple rhythm tracks to establish the basics of a tranca and then, in classic James Brown style, nurturing it with one impassioned vocal utterance after another until the trance is roaring.

If this music starts from a place familiar to techno-rave enthusiasts, it soon becomes a vehicle for Kidjo's virtuosic feats. She alone is responsible for giving the songs—which sometimes celebrate the earth, but are just as often concerned with homelessness or racial tolerance—their rhythmic urgency. Accordingly, Kidjo treats her voice like it's a percussion instrument, chopping her words into staccato gunfire, transforming simple declarations into slithering, snake-like phrases. On the funk shuffle "Tatchedogbe," she barks out the chorus with military precision, each word mirroring the taut backing. On the down-tempo "Azan Nan Kpé," which is her idea of a "power ballad," her moaning, sustained notes convey an elegiac world-weariness that transcends language.

And though that song and others reflect fluency in various pop genres, they're not bland, desperate-for-a-hit derivations. Kidjo appropriates wisely—pursuing what feels good regardless of where it came from, using her persuasive, authoritative voice to address the spirit one minute and the party people the next. ***Tom Moon***



Angelique Kidjo



Shazzy

SHAZZY

Ghettosburg Address • *Elektra*

On her second album, *Ghettosburg Address*, Shazzy fashions herself the Pam Grier of gangsta rap. This urban avenger dispenses a '90s version of blaxploitative, fantasy-filled, action-packed lyrics and tales of remorseless murder and mayhem in unflinchingly cold, calculated (and sometimes redundant) detail. Who can blame the girl for trading in her musical creativity for a more marketable gangsta persona? This may be the album to rescue this deft rapper from obscurity.

On her 1991 debut, *Attitude: A Hip Hop Rapsody*, Shazzy demonstrated a masterful, artistic narration, weaving stories around montages of sound bites ranging from Ren and Stimpy to FDR, looping samples of Marvin Gaye and Simon and Garfunkel. She occasionally injected commentary, but mostly concentrated her efforts on swift delivery, clever wordplay, and jarring lyrics. *Ghettosburg Address* contains subtler, more melodic grooves with simple yet discernible basslines. Most of the cuts have that PE sound, with static and sirens adding a sense of urgency and immediacy to the music.

The problem with *Ghettosburg Address* is that this young woman's flair for drama sometimes undermines the credibility of her imagery. Gangsta rap thrives on legitimacy and Shazzy often teeters on the crucial line between acceptable hyperbole and incredible exaggeration: In "Bitch Made Nigga," she gets carried away with Mafia hype and actually lifts the horse-head scene from *The Godfather*. Also, too much of the subject matter is the same tiresome fodder—sipping forties and getting blunted ("Pass Anotha Bag"), packing nines ("Stone Walls"), and the obligatory sex song ("Pump My Brother [Ruff Stuff]")—which doesn't allow her to showcase her adroit, versatile rhyming skills. But while her commentary isn't always convincing, her swagger is; Shazzy pulls off the Black Male Posture with more conviction than most brothers on the mike. *Wendy Washington*

When it comes to international airplay, dancehall's tonsil-twisting, rapid-fire lyricists carry the swing. But while assorted Bantons, Ranks, and raggamuffins kick up rumpus inna foreign, it's the singers who are tearing up Jamaica. It's a mystery why the majors have slept on signing the likes of Sugar Minott, Frankie Paul, Cocoa Tea, or Wayne Wonder: Patois patter may leave some listeners scratching their heads, but the best of Jamaica's crooners have the pipes to seduce the narrow-minded.

Case in point: **BERES HAMMOND**. His voice is that rare instrument that doesn't hit notes so much as emotions. Like Gregory Isaacs in his prime, Beres can devastate a crowd with a single moan. After laboring in relative obscurity for decades, last year Beres suddenly seemed to own the reggae charts. "Sweetness," "Doctor's Orders," "Putting Up Resistance"—the hits came in rapid succession. These and other memorable one-offs are collected on V.P. Records' *Sweetness*, an album that will still be raising goose flesh years from now.

Pick it up while you wait for Beres's new work on Elektra. The first single, "Do Not Disturb," featuring Grand Puba (of all people), drops this month. Says Dante Ross, who signed Beres to Elektra: "The effect that he has on women in Jamaica



BOOM SHOTS

by Rob Kenner

is ridiculous. It's like Tom Jones in Vegas time—throwing panties, the whole nine."

In "Love of a Life Time," **JUNIOR TUCKER** may have stumbled onto the perfect pop song. It's got more hooks than your grandpa's tackle box, and it rarely drops in dancehalls without the crowd demanding that the selector rewind to the top. At 16, Junior scored a U.K. pop hit with a reggaefied cover of "Some Guys Have All the Luck." He signed to Geffen and was going to be the next R&B *Wunderkind*. He even had Ray Parker Jr. producing his album. Guess what? It bombed. Ten years later, Junior's back on the reggae tip with an album on V.P., *Love of a Life Time*, and another promised to Polygram imprint Payday. All because of a smash hit that he originally wrote for Beres and didn't want to record himself.

But man doth not live by love songs alone. **GARNETT SILK**'s specialty is making a joyful noise unto Jah-Jah. The tall, willowy, dreadlock youth with the impossibly powerful voice was born "as a poorman" in the hills of Jamaica and started deejaying on Destiny Outernational, the sound system where Tony Rebel got his start. The sheer trembling force of Garnett's voice is so remarkable that it's easy to overlook what a gifted writer he is. When he writes about love, it's not about lust, but something loftier. But Garnett's at his best when he sings about God in tunes like "Kingly Character," "Zion in a Vision," and "Your Mercy." Again, V.P. has most of these songs out—on the album *100% Silk*—while the majors (in this case BigBeat) await the delivery of an album. Soon come.

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

MJQ and Friends • *Atlantic Jazz*



The Modern Jazz Quartet—pianist John Lewis, vibraphonist Milt Jackson, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Connie Kay—have skillfully blended Bach, bebop, and the blues for more than 40 years. Their latest recording, which features an all-star cast of "friends" that includes the Marsalis brothers, Freddie Hubbard, and Bobby McFerrin, is a winning celebration of the foursome's stature and longevity.

The Quartet brings out the best in their guest stars. Bobby McFerrin's boppish scatting on Milt Jackson's MJQ staple "Bag's Groove" (with Take 6 providing their trademark vocal fills) and on the Charlie Parker classic "Billie's Bounce" is the best work he's put on wax in years. Wynton Marsalis turns in two stellar solos with his muted trumpet on the Quartet's ingenious reworking of "Cherokee" and the ballad "Willow Weep For Me." Not to be outdone, older brother Branford's fluid soprano sax sings sweetly on "Come Rain or Come Shine," and he contributes a Rollins-esque tenor to "Easy Living."

From the Old School, big band trumpeter Harry "Sweets" Edison and saxophonist Illinois Jacquet join the Quartet on "Indiana" and "Memories of You." Freddie Hubbard's unmistakable trumpet tone croons on the mid-tempo "There Will Never Be Another You," and Phil Woods's alto sax flies beautifully Bird-like on "All The Things You Are" and the MJQ's signature classic "Django."

And after four decades, it shouldn't be necessary to add that the telepathic interplay, feeling for the blues, and impeccable sense of swing of the Modern Jazz Quartet are evident on every track of *MJQ and Friends*.

Eugene Holley Jr.

SOUTH CENTRAL CARTEL

'N' Gatz We Truss • *GWK/DJ West/Chaos*

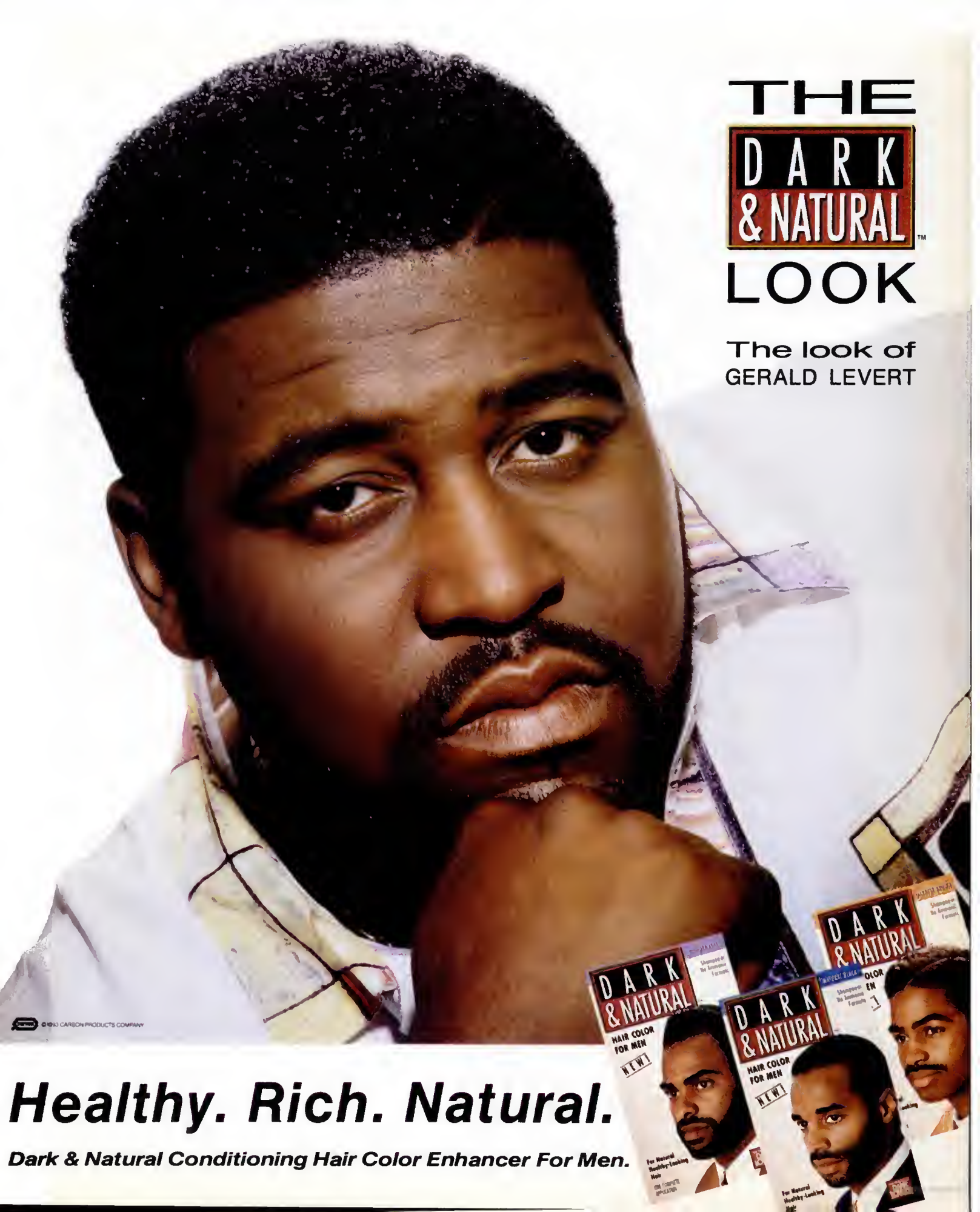
The album title says it all. On the mean streets of South Central Los Angeles, the words "In God We Trust" aren't worth the penny they're printed on. It's a nice conceit if you let it ride: Not given equal access to our capitalist system's real god—money—the members of South Central Cartel have put their faith in another, more tangible deity.

Recognizing that such trust is inherently suicidal, the Cartel combat their own nihilism in two songs. "Bring it On" calls on the Crips and Bloods to end their gunplay, while "Lil Knucklehead" shows how tragic things can get for kids who aspire to the gangsta lifestyle. But everywhere else, *Truss* fails to deliver on the irony of its title, falling back on straight, generic slang-and-bang ballyhoo.

Displaying none of the moral commentary of Scarface, none of the narrative flair of Kool G Rap, and none of the dramatic intensity of Spice 1, the Cartel's four rhyme-slingers only end up proving one thing: that they're some murderous fools. Sure, they drop a few bad cops for good measure, but mostly it's the brotherman, not the other man, who's taking two, three, and four to the head. The brainspilling is more drab than chilling, wed as it is to rough-throated monotone flows that are virtually indistinguishable from one another.

If there's a saving grace on *Truss*, it's the big, swinging posse cut "Gangsta Team." Here, the Cartel's Havikk and Prodéje open capably and then pass the mike to 2Pac, who promptly shows how to put heartlessness in context ("Now I'm losing it because my brother died..."); to Ice-T, who comes off well under pressure; to MC Eiht, menacing and comical at the same time; and to Spice, who coughs shotgun blasts up from his diaphragm. Together, these blood-soaked veterans are enough to assure naysayers that—despite clichéd efforts like *'N' Gatz We Truss*—gangsta rap ain't dead yet. *Carter Harris*




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SCHOOLY D

Welcome to America • *Ruffhouse/Columbia*

Early rap imitated the world it was created in: celebratory house and street parties that suddenly erupted into bloody crossfire from gangster-leaning, stick-up kids walking around like Pretty Boy Floyd. People busted asses and pointed guns at heads in Solid C, Bobby D, and Kool Drop's 1979 "Wack Rap" and Spoonie Gee's 1980 "Spoonin' Rap," but the violence snuck up on you, hidden among zaniness about roller skating or limes turning into lemons. Outsiders didn't start bugging out about violent rap lyrics until Schooly D released his first album on his own label in West Philly in 1986.

The beats on that album were like some madman banging a swing set with a monkey wrench: It was the most minimalist, butt-naked hip hop ever made. People called it "scary," but even B-boy stances like the great "Gucci Time" had a ditzy humor to them: non sequiturs thrown into the wind, like "only thing ya do is gonna call ya doorknob." On 1987's *Saturday Night! The Album*, Schooly undercut his



nasty rep by watching *The Brady Bunch* or letting his mom pull a gun on him because "you know how mothers are."

Schooly could make murder seem dangerous *and* fun, something today's drive-by guys aren't capable of, unless you count Cypress Hill. If Snoop Doggy Dogg wanted to be as good as Schooly was, he'd change his name to Snoop Doggy Poop (which is more rhythmic, anyway). Thing is, though, even Schooly's last few records haven't been all that funny.

Most of Schooly's new *Welcome to America* sounds all snoozy and nasal and relaxed, like Dr. Dre or Ice Cube, so I guess it's supposed to be "ominous." "Motherfuckin D" reminds me of Sir Mix-A-Lot, so I don't mind that song so much (at least it's *loud*). "I Know You Want To Kill Me" is goofy paranoia about being afraid of Arsenio Hall, but it's the only cut with any Schooly-ness in it. Lots of pleasant, post-"Mind Playing Tricks on Me" bong-blues Muzak, no jokes. Why do youngsters think boring mush like this is "hard"? Four words to the wack: Wake the hell up. *Chuck Eddy*

SINGLE FILE

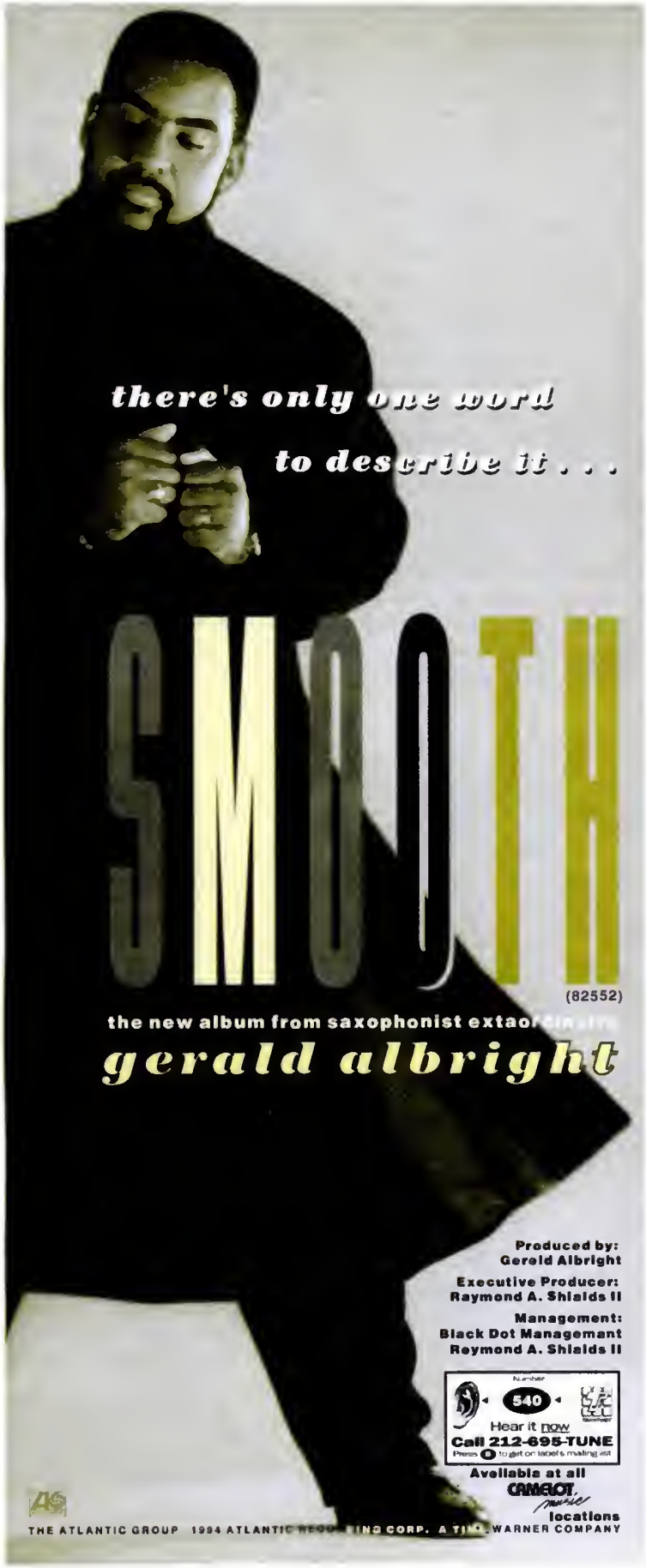
by James Hunter

DE LA SOUL's withering look at wall-to-wall arrogance, "Ego Trippin' (Part Two)" (Tommy Boy), comes in no fewer than six mixes. The original bass swing morphs into a sneaky violin bit that whispers "egobusters" at the start, then turns *that* into harder run-throughs. This is a kaleidoscope of a single that, mostly for artistic reasons, argues that an ace track can still have several alternate realities....Maybe thinking more about radio formats than art, female soul singers also change their hands at will. **WHITNEY HOUSTON**'s "Queen of the Night" (Arista) lets CJ Mackintosh replace LA & Babyface's guitar slams with snare-happy waves of glowing rhythm that add up to disco for a generation that's unsure whether disco is nostalgic or eternal. Sean "Puffy" Combs's chewy remix of **MARY J. BLIGE**'s "You Don't Have to Worry" (Uptown/MCA) literally announces itself as such ("This is the remix by the Puff Daddy...Combs") before Blige gets into her slightly sarcastic, royally bummed kiss-off. And "A Deeper Love" (Arista), **ARETHA FRANKLIN AND C+C MUSIC FACTORY**'s strong go at adapting Franklin's strong will to an era when the grits might be microwaved, arrives stark as techno in the first mix, then exits on a lusher radio version....Male soul singers go for broke with *a capella* sex talk, genre expertise, and grandiosity. **SHAI**'s "Yours" (Gasoline Alley/MCA) puts bon-bons of harmonies behind a silken lead-vocal valentine that ends up more fully realized than anything these guys have done before. **RALPH TRESVANT** disingenuously wonders "Who's the Mack" (Gasoline Alley/MCA), while Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis orchestrate the '90s *Shaft*-music of their—and your—dreams. And in "Cry for You" (Uptown/MCA), **JODECI** back away from exactly none of the hyper-romantic implications their tunes have always contained. They sing like they're making beggin' R&B's last important stand....Meanwhile, other stuff can't wait to change shape. **DEEP FOREST**'S "Sweet Lullaby" (Epic), an eager pop confection of continental synths and excellent singing from "the rain forest pygmies of Africa," gets funkier, then more esoteric, in its mixes before DJ Efx and DJ Digit tear everything apart. **UNDERWORLD**'s "Spikee" (Junior Boy's Own), recently the U.K.'s number one indie single, gives itself 12-plus techno minutes to play around with various patterns and noises, so only the bpm's remain constant. **THE GOODMEN**'s "Give it Up" (FFRR) chants and hiccups its demand as Asian keyboard fifths dig into the high-gloss mechanic beats like guitar riffs. Even **JERU THE DAMAJA**, advising that you fight with your mind instead of your knives on "Come Clean" (Payday/FFRR), keeps his "freaky, freaky beat" repetitive so that his raps can stand fierce and sound different bar to bar....Sometimes, though, it's almost a relief to hear music sit still: Listen to something like "Cantaloop (Flip Fantasia)" (Blue Note), **US 3**'s ultra-smooth sampling of Herbie Hancock. Or check **SHABBA RANKS FEATURING PATRA AND TERRI & MONICA**'s "Family Affair (Rap Version)" (Atlas/Epic), which translates classic Sly & the Family Stone into dancehall that's as thick and centered as '80s rock. Come to think of it, though, neither Herbie nor Sly were ever big fans of staying in one place for too long. Restlessness: it's definitely an energy, but it can generate music as well.









They've been called "the Cocteau Twins just back from Ibiza" and "King Tubby meets the Beach Boys." But perhaps it's dubmeister Jim McKinven who put it best when he recently said in a thick Glaswegian accent over dinner at a New-York health food restaurant: "ONE DOVE have as much in common with Willie Nelson as they do with the Orb."

For once, the hype surrounding a new U.K. band is entirely justified. Scottish trio One Dove—McKinven, programmer Ian Carmichael, and singer Dot Allison—represent the next step in the evolution of post-rave music. The initially frenetic atmosphere of England's all-night dance marathons has subsided lately, replaced by a more dreamy and languid musical mood, as exemplified by the Orb's pulsating techno-dub instrumentals. For a while, so-called "ambient house"—experimental dance music that exhibits influences as diverse as dub reggae and early '70s progressive rock, and delves into the idea of sound-for-sound's sake—made the craft of songwriting unfashionable. That is, until One Dove came along, adding something conspicuously absent from most of ambient house's depopulated soundscapes: emotion.



It's not that the emotions registered on One Dove's enthralling debut album, *Morning Dove White*—the tribal name of Elvis Presley's great-great-grandmother—are all that specific. It's more a general atmosphere of ripe sensuality and erotic mystery that permeates the LP, thanks in no small part to the breathy vocals of Dot Allison, a Sharon Stone for the rave generation. "I don't know why I'm telling you any of this," she confides on the opening track, "Fallen," in her best sex kitten voice. "Don't ever tell anyone I told you this."

One Dove take the drama of the classic three-minute pop song and expand it in all directions—conceptually, temporally, and spatially. Their songs take time to build up an atmosphere. A typical track is seven minutes long; the gorgeous "White Love (Radio Mix)" clocks in at more than 10. This allows the group the space to indulge its taste for ethereal vastness, but they don't fall into the trap that some ambient outfits do: musical aimlessness.

A friend recently summed up the difference between One Dove and other ambient musicians: "With a lot of this type of music, you have to already be in the mood to get it. But if you're not in the mood, One Dove will put you in it."

In the course of a one-hour conversation, the group freely drops the names of bands and songwriters they claim as influences—the Carpenters, Abba, Rupie Irie, Phil Spector, Massive Attack, T. Rex, Brian Wilson, Dusty Springfield, Primal Scream—a dizzying list that neatly illustrates the healthy eclecticism and distaste for musical boundaries that's so characteristic of the British rave scene at the moment. It's no coincidence that One Dove's producer is DJ Andy Weatherall, the musical visionary who pioneered the fusion of indie rock and dance music in 1991 with his studio work for the likes of Happy Mondays and Primal Scream. "If there's one thing One Dove want to be remembered for," says Dot, "it's being the group that finally breaks down the last barriers between dance and rock music."

A worthy ambition, certainly. And one that the trio's compelling combination of atmospheric textures and melodic songcraft, sequenced sounds and live instrumentation, may well achieve. For the moment, however, One Dove are the best and brightest hope of the U.K. rave scene, providing a needed dose of individual glamor and pop perfection in a community that, until recently, shunned such things.

NKOTB

Face the Music • *Columbia*



New Kids on the Block have always viewed themselves as a white act making black music, but the young brothers and sisters blasting radios on the avenue would disagree. In the minds of urban bloods, New Kid hysteria hardly existed: in their world, the brutal soundtracks of hip hop burst the bubblegum textures that the New Kids popped, and Lord knows them palefaces couldn't hang tough with *Right On!* magazine boytoys New Edition, Michael Jackson, or Bobby Brown.

From kids to men, NKOTB (as the group is now known) are still in pursuit of gritty grooves and mack daddy attitudes, hoping to finally shatter their goody-goody image. Like Gary Oldman's blacker-than-thou pimp in *True Romance*, much of NKOTB's new album *Face the Music* would be viewed as mockery if it weren't so damn *sincere*. Collaborating with producers like Teddy Riley and Narada Michael Walden, the group's soundgardens on *Face the Music* are one part buppie chic, one part gangsta smooth.

"Dirty Dawg," the first single, features Jordan Knight's crying vocals—inspired by Aaron Hall—riding an (old) new jack groove to the nearest housing project. When Nice & Smooth drop their raps into the mix, one is thankful not to be burdened with Donnie Wahlberg's wanna-be PE stance that's featured on several other cuts.

Although the street beats of *Face the Music*'s chaotic intro jam and the Teddy Riley-produced "You Got the Flavor" are dominant, the fellas still enjoy tossing candy-coated kisses at passin' sweeties. On the brilliant urban romancer "Keep On Smilin'," NKOTB exhibit an amusing talent for making clichéd lyrics of love ("Through the pleasure and pain, through the sunshine and rain/Baby we keep on smiling") sound meaningful.

Much like New Edition's coming-out album *Heart Break*, NKOTB's *Face the Music* is a funk-inspired document of maturity. From the cuteness of "Girls" to the more socially aware "Keepin' My Fingers Crossed," NKOTB are on their way to becoming the Wild Cherry of their generation. Yo, play that funky music, white boys.

Michael A. Gonzales



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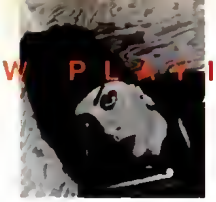
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VIBE-raters

Our current office favorites—in no particular order

LISA LISA—
"Skip to My Lu"

DOMINO—
Domino

BOB DYLAN—
World Gone Wrong

CHAKA DEMUS & PLIERS—
"Twist and Shout"

JANIS JOPLIN—
Janis (box set)

WU-TANG CLAN—
Enter the Wu-Tang (36 Chambers)

JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET—
Ballads

GABRIELLE—
"Dreams"

JACKSONS—
Triumph

DE LA SOUL—
Buhlōone Mindstate

HEAVY ROTATION

In my Midwestern high school, punk never really happened. There were the requisite spiky haircuts and trench coats and such, but tastes ran much more toward Lynyrd Skynyrd than X-Ray Spex.

I may not have toed the party line too strictly, but I was never a big punk fan, either. I understood it, liked some of the songs and some of the attitude, but never felt like I quite got the whole thing. With the glorious exception, that is, of the Clash. Exploratory where punk was narrow, engaged and politically energized where punk was nihilistic and detached, the Clash were the perfect companions for a teenager trying to sort through rock, reggae, R&B, and a new music called rap.



The recent reissue of *Black Market Clash*—on CD for the first time—reminded me of the musical quest this band and I seemed to be sharing. A 1980 hodgepodge of B-sides, uncollected singles, and dub mixes, *Black Market* shows the Clash in all their messy splendor: stunning covers of Booker T. & the MG's ("Time Is Tight") and Toots and the Maytals ("Pressure Drop") next to blistering cries for a real New World Order. The CD, retitled *Super Black Market Clash*, adds some disposable instrumentals—there's no excuse for replacing "Bankrobber" and "Armagideon Time" with dub versions—and no CD could ever be as cool as the original 10-inch EP. But it documents a time when, like their early-'80s hip hop contemporaries, the Clash were making up a new set of rules, rewriting history as they were making it.

Alan Light

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THE SUITS

A decade after "Electric Avenue," Eddy Grant resurfaces as the world's leading calypso tycoon.

You remember Eddy Grant, don't you? No? Well, you remember "Electric Avenue," right? It was that searing reggae tune from 1983, the one with the rock guitar and the revving motorcycles that jumped up the charts and shot Grant's dreadlocked image into the living rooms of the newly formed MTV generation.

Nine years before that smash, the Guyana-born Grant had moved from England to Barbados, where he opened Blue Wave studios and formed Ice Records. He'd had a little heart attack and wanted a place where he could continue to make his music without too many pressures. Tropical paradise and all that.

Grant was experimenting with a mixture of Trinidadian calypso (a.k.a. kailso) and soul music. He dubbed the results "Kaisoul," although today most people know it as soca, a more upbeat version of calypso—bawdier, bouncier, designed for you to "wind you waist."

Calypso music had always been controlled by small Trinidadian record labels, which released a series of 78s every year for Trinidad's bacchanalian Carnival. The grandest Caribbean party of the year, Carnival also serves as competition for calypso and soca artists, where the best calypsonian is dubbed the Calypso King and the most popular song wins The Road March.

For a long time, Grant saw that Ice Records could dominate the calypso and soca market and serve as a launching pad to send the music around the world, but the timing never felt right. Recently, though, he has decided to make his move.



"I decided a couple of years ago that now was the time to acquire the catalogs," he says. "I had had exploratory discussions with the various principals of these companies since 1975, and had been given assurances that whenever the time arrived, they would sell these rights to me. I was able to go back and reopen discussions; fortunately, these people hadn't died, because they are all very old now."

Beginning with Roaring Lion, the oldest living calypsonian (whose reported age ranges from 85 to 92), Grant began acquiring artists' back catalogues. Ice now boasts the world's largest calypso archive and most important stable of calypso and soca artists anywhere, including Lord Kitchner, Superblue, and the Mighty Sparrow.

"The Mighty Sparrow inspired me in the field of calypso since I was a child," says Grant. "I always had it in mind to work with him in some way. I acquired his catalogs from various record companies and producers, and I showed him that I was in control of the greatest part of his life, and that it would make sense for us to form an alliance. So we did."

Dedicated to both the archival maintenance and future development of soca and calypso, Grant is working hard to introduce the music to mainstream audiences and move it out of the ghetto of world beat aficionados. But he hasn't ignored the loyal fans of Caribbean sounds. Last year, Ice signed a distribution deal with RAS Records, extending the label's reach through a strong mom-and-pop network.

Still, Grant complains about disappointing record sales, blaming piracy and the media. "The politics of the music business and the media do not allow exotic musics to come forward to any great degree," he says. "The reason I'm committed to calypso and soca is because I love it. And I love it because it does something organically to me. The music makes me feel good. It's great music to dance to, it's great music to have about you. It's like the sunshine. And there are not many musics you can say that about."

Brian E. Rochlin



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CASUAL

Fear Itself • *Jive*

Casual may be his name, but it doesn't describe his flow. This youngster jumps out the box slashing, wielding his metaphors and sinewy delivery with lethal grace.



Of all the cherub-faced MCs to emerge thus far from the Hieroglyphics crew, Casual has the most ruthless aura; he's the trench runner the clique depends on when the shit goes down.

Fear Itself proves the young rapper to be a vicious freestyler with boundless energy. The album is one battle rhyme after another, a hearty challenge to any sucka worldwide to step to the plate with skills, not physical threats or guns à la most "studio gangstas." Like all of the latest Hieroglyphic releases, Casual's braggadocious, riproaring flow is fortified by upright bass lines, serpentine jazz/funk horns, and thunderous drum kicks.

"Me-O-Mi-O," buoyant bass line and all, gets the ball rolling, but it isn't until "That's How It Is" that Casual sets the party off. His overwhelming confidence, bolstered by a buzzing horn track, makes it one of the most compelling battle rhymes since Cool J's "Rock the Bells."

The straight gangsta-mackin' "I Didn't Mean To," hypnotic, bass-heavy "Be Thousand," and sultry "Thoughts of the Thoughtful" further dazzle the senses, but the most engaging moments occur during the brief segues between songs. "That Bullshit," featuring guest rapper Saafir (from Digital Underground), and "A Little Something" make a convincing argument for an album with only one beat, where rapper after rapper comes to the front and spews spontaneously for a continually rolling tape, unrehearsed mistakes and all, like classic bebop or James Brown's 20-minute uncut version of "Escape-ism."

Casual's spirit—challenging the fear that every rapper feels when rhyming off the head, without a net—is what sets him apart. The Hieroglyphics, like their Native Tongue and Wu-Tang peers, are definitely a crew to watch for continued innovations and, on the heels of the Souls of Mischief's recent debut, *93 'Til Infinity*, Casual's freshman effort supplies a potent second salvo. *Cheo H. Coker*

SHARA NELSON

What Silence Knows • *Chrysalis*

The British techno-soul outfit Massive Attack was touted as a darker, moodier Soul II Soul, so it's fitting that Shara Nelson—whose lithely sensuous vocals were featured on Massive's 1991 debut, *Blue Lines*—follows Ceron Wheeler's pattern by releasing a solo album that reveals a versatility and presence only hinted at by her work within a collective. Of course, what distinguished Massive Attack from its contemporaries was exactly the sort of unnerving human intensity that Nelson's voice lent to tracks like "Unfinished Sympathy." On *What Silence Knows*, the singer's expressiveness is allowed to come fully to the fore.

Most of the songs on *Silence* convey a sense of romantic ambivalence. "What frightens me/Is the thought of being/Alone," Nelson admits on "Nobody," addressing an unfaithful lover over a deceptively cool hip hop arrangement. "Uptight," written with Attrell Cordes (better known as P.M. Dawn's Prince Be), offers sunnier funk but equally overcast sentiments: "The crazy thing is/I just can't stop you/From hurting me." But Nelson refuses to relegate herself to the role of victim. Her supple sopreno, which aspires to Aretha's shivery fluidity but more closely evokes a higher-pitched Anita Baker, can shift effortlessly from a lament to a cry of indignation or even triumph—sometimes in the same verse, as when she muses on the breezily nostalgic "One Goodbye in Ten," "I'm a shadow/Of my former self...it's time/To be moving on."

Just as importantly, Nelson's voice can ably serve a simple, radiant declaration of bliss. On the spare, stunning ballad "Inside Out," she purrs: "I'm full of things/I never had...Ideas/You gave to me," as a lone guitar shimmers gently behind her. It's not a song conducive to trance-dancing in clubs, perhaps, but the spell it casts may come in handy after closing time. *Elysa Gardner*



THE DETAILS

Disco Divas

Lisa Lisa, page 72

Daisey appliqué bustier by Michelle Bergeron at The Next Generation $200, special order 212-682-5772.

Lisette Melendez, page 73

Adidas tank top by Laura Whitcomb for Label 009 $98. Fred Segal, Melrose; Untitle, NYC.

India, page 73

White marabou vest by Adrienne Landau $650, special order, 212-695-8362; The Village Corset Shop, 113 West 10th Street, NYC, 212-463-0365.

Adeva, page 74

Black knit dress by Jeffrey Costello, special order, 212-966-4512. Rhinestone tiara by Erickson Beamon for Anna Sui at Anna Sui Boutique, NYC.

Nerissa, page 77

Blush sparkle racerback dress by Helen Storey at Showroom Seven $700, Macy's, NYC; Madeline Gally, Los Angeles.

Nokko, page 78

White marabou bikini by Adrienne Landau $600, special order. Rhinestone necklace by Erickson Beamon at Showroom Seven. Cigarette holder by The Mercura Girls $250, Jose Eber, Rodeo Drive, Los Angeles; Henri Bendel, NYC.

Alana, page 79

Pink vinyl pants $85, blue vinyl top, approximately $70. Both by Daryl K., 208 East 6th Street, NYC, 212-475-1255.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLEN VON UNWERTH

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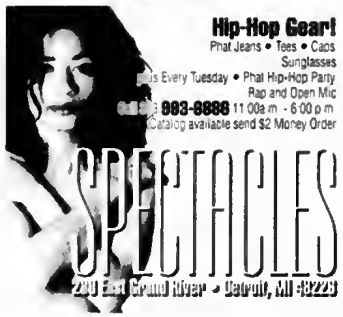
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OUR ADIDAS

Adidas has now officially blown up. It started last summer when Madonna wore her red knockoff Adidas evening gown to the New York City premiere of Sleepless In Seattle. As usual, her picture was everywhere—and so was the idea that Adidas was a new look.

Madonna's dress was made by Leura Whitcomb—who now designs women's clothing for Tommy Boy Gear. Whitcomb originally made one for herself when she was "on a boy hunt. Just to get a little attention." She got that and then some. For the spring fashion collections, Ralph Lauren, Isaac Mizrahi, Donna Karan, Rifat Ozbek, Yves Saint Laurent, Anne Sui, and Yohji Yamamoto were all working Adidas-inspired clothing, hoping to capitalize on what they thought was the latest trend.

Although fashion designers have just started to take notice, the street has known about those stripes for years. Remember when they used to whisper that Adidas was code for "All Day I Dream About Sex"? Now, people scour bargain basements and thrift shops to find the original kicks and clothing. Because of this recent demand, Adidas wisely reissued their classic old-school sneakers—Shell Tops, Gazelles—as well as some sweatsuits and T-shirts.

Adidas has always welcomed their loyal customers in hip hop, who've considered Adidas a cultural icon for years. Just look at the feet of the Rock Steady Crew (then and now) and movies like 1982's Wild Style, and listen to countless rap songs like Ed O.G. & Da Bulldogs' "I Got to Have It" ("so put on your Adidas and step off"). Back in 1986, before rap became a multimillion-dollar industry, Adidas didn't hesitate to sponsor Run-D.M.C.'s world tour, titled affectionately My Adides. The company still rewards hip hop's undying loyalty by maintaining relationships with rappers, singers, and dancers, and supplying them with free product. Among those spotted in Adidas are: Naughty by Nature, Jodeci, the Pharcyde, Black Moon, Joi, Onyx, Eazy-E, Mariah Carey, Kris Kross, Erick Sermon, José and Luis, Ice-T, Bell Biv DeVoe, Supernatural, Whitney Houston, Yo Yo, Giovanni Saleh, L.L. Cool J, Tony Toni Toné, Dallas Austin, and, of course, Run-D.M.C.

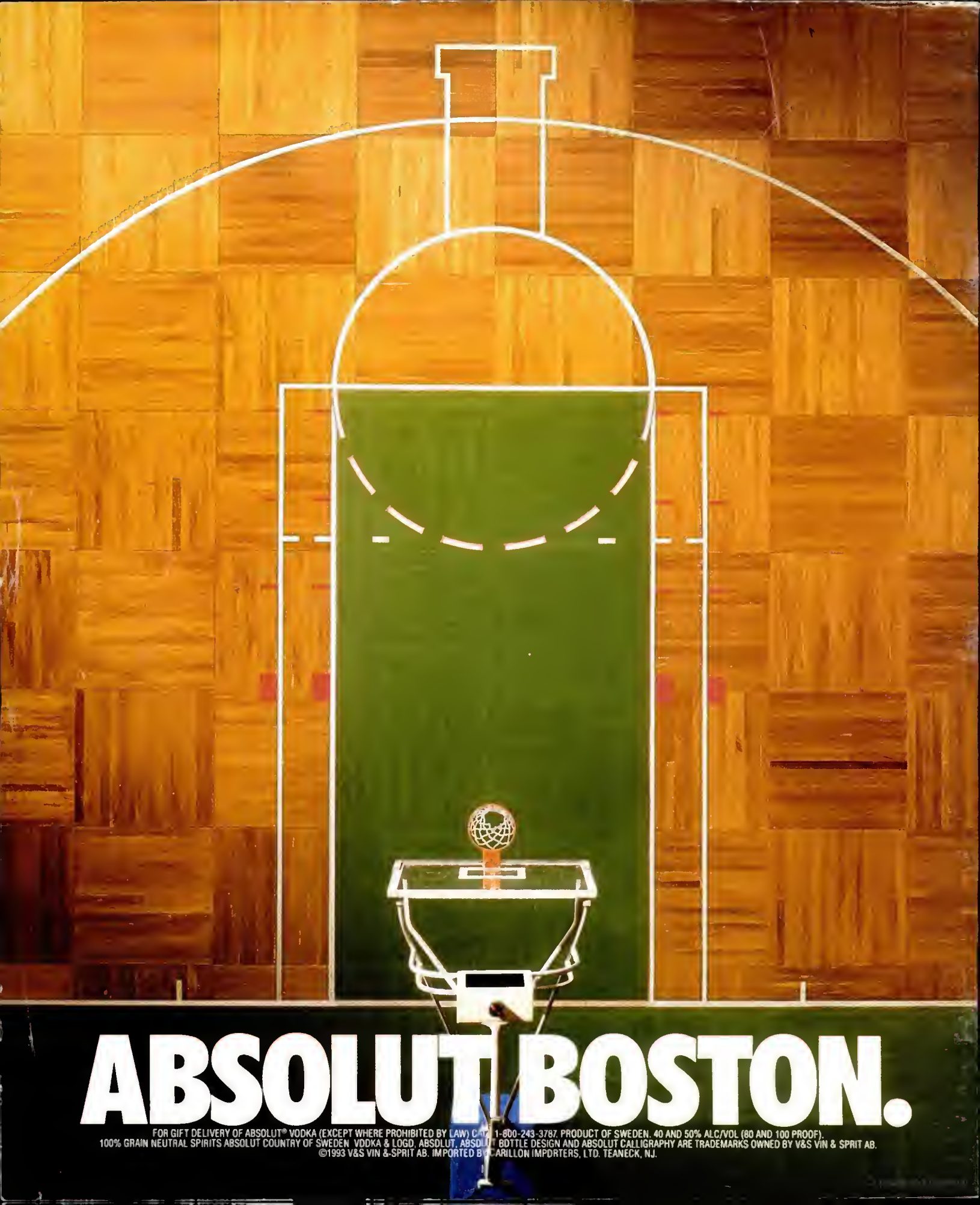
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